

THE MONTH

A Catholic Magazine and Review.

APRIL, 1887.

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WE have awakened thoroughly, if tardily, to the fact that the Catholic Church in Britain is losing ground in one direction while she gains in another; and that her losses more than counterbalance her gains. There is ground for thankfulness at the discovery; for the knowledge of a fault or a weakness is a step towards its cure. We are pretty well agreed too as to where the loss may be most easily detected; it is among the children of our poor schools that it is most conspicuous: and the reason for it is equally plain—namely, that after every precaution has been taken that they shall be brought up in the knowledge and practice of their Faith, they are turned adrift as soon as their short school course is finished, and no one troubles what becomes of them.

The papers that have been written upon this subject are restricted to work among boys. Why this is I do not know, for surely our girls need at least as much attention. Perhaps it is that no lady has yet written on the subject: the experience of such an one would be very valuable and is, indeed, necessary, if we are to get any grasp of the question as a whole. Profiting by opportunities of obtaining this experience, I shall have a few words to say on this point on another occasion; at present I will follow on the lines already laid down.

Only the most superficial critic will contend that the subject has been thrashed out, or that—a temporary interest having been aroused, a certain amount of talk and energy expended, and in one diocese at least, a practical remedy having been set on foot—we may with an easy conscience pass on to some matter more pleasant for contemplation. A great step has been made since the publication of Mr. Lucas' paper in *THE MONTH* for July, 1885, which was conspicuously ignored when it appeared, but to which I, for one, do not hesitate to attribute much of the present interest in the subject. But we are as yet only at the beginning of things. We have been brought face to face with a great evil,

although we have not yet realized its extent ; we have talked over many remedies, and some of us have experimented with them. But the disease is too deep-seated to admit of ready cure, nor will any one remedy prove sufficient. Workers will, I am confident, support me in this view ; it is for them I write, and to them no apology is needed for yet another paper on "The Loss of our Children."

First, as to the question of proselytism. We are naturally indignant at the revelations which are from time to time made of the conduct of certain proselytizing agencies among our poor. The Dublin "Bird's Nest" is the worst example of this kind of thing, and deservedly stinks in the nostrils of upright men and women of all creeds whatever. Something similar has been going on in Glasgow ; and Mr. Austin Oates gives evidence of like dealings in Manchester, upon which the Bishop of Salford is deservedly severe. It is certainly from no wish to condone or palliate conduct which seems absolutely without excuse, that I venture to deprecate a too wide or hasty generalization in this matter. There is nothing gained by exaggeration ; and it is not honest, although it may be pleasant, to cover our own shortcomings by an indiscriminate attack upon the faults of our neighbours.

The obvious retort to the charge of proselytizing is found in the answer made by the Hon. Secretaries of the Refuges in Manchester which have been referred to by Mr. Oates. "For years," they say, "the Roman Catholic authorities have let the poor children of their own Church go to ruin on the streets, and now, when other agencies have helped them, without knowing any distinction of creed, it is a deep offence." I quote these words, though without endorsing them, because they put the whole "case for the defence" in its simplest and most forcible form ; and I attach the more importance to them because they are almost literally those which were used to me by a priest on this very subject, except that the priest's were in some respect stronger. And at a recent quarterly meeting of the Society of St. Vincent of Paul, Lord Archibald Douglas used words to the same effect : "They are lost," he said, "not through Protestant efforts, but through our neglect."

In the special case mentioned the Bishop of Salford has a ready answer ; and it is satisfactory to know that the Manchester non-Catholic press endorses his most reasonable suggestion that Catholic children should be transferred to Catholic

homes. Nothing could be fairer, supported as it is by his Lordship's practice where Protestants are concerned. "Since our Catholic homes have been opened," he says, "our officers have picked up a number of Protestant children in the streets; and they have been invariably either handed over to the managers of Protestant homes, committed to Protestant Industrial or Reformatory Schools, or restored to their parents. We demand to be treated on the same principle." And the *Manchester Examiner*, commenting on this, says, "If Roman Catholic Homes are ready to receive all the destitute children that are sent, the difficulty is at an end. By all means let the children be handed over."

So far all is clear; but all turns on the hypothesis just mentioned. In the Salford diocese the work of child-saving has been taken up with enthusiasm. His Lordship, in touching words, has appealed for help, himself contributing no small sum to the large amount required. The Report read at a meeting recently held, shows that his example is being largely followed in the diocese; the Archbishop of Glasgow is doing similar work, and there is no doubt it will spread.

The real question, so far as young children are concerned is, whether we have sufficient accommodation in our homes, orphanages, and refuges, for such as are destitute, or living among immoral surroundings—the "waifs and strays," for whom the Established Church has started a Society, and the "gutter children," whom Mr. Barnardo obtains in such numbers.¹

Mr. Barnardo's "First Arab" was a Catholic;² and the propor-

¹ I am expressing no opinion upon Mr. Barnardo's work, or his mode of working; but if he has rescued nearly six thousand children "from the sufferings and dangers of Arab life," society owes him a debt of gratitude. How many of these six thousand were born of Catholic parents?

² See "My First Arab." The account of this boy does not inspire one with entire confidence in Mr. Barnardo's accuracy although he says that he is "setting down facts—just as they occurred." Every Catholic will recognize the improbability of the sign of the Cross being made in the circumstances as narrated:

"Have you ever heard of [our Lord], Jim?"

"A quick nod of assent was the response. The boy seemed quite pleased at knowing *something* of what I was talking about.

"Yes, sir," he added; 'I knows about Him.'

"Well, who is He? What do you know about Him?"

"Oh, sir," he said, and he looked sharply about the room, and with a timorous glance into the darker corners where the shadows fell, then sinking his voice into a whisper, added, 'He's THE POPE O' ROME.'

"Whatever can you mean, my lad?" I asked in utter astonishment. 'Who told you that?'

"No one, sir; but I knows I'm right,"—and he gave his rough little head a

tion of Catholics who come under his care, and that of the numerous Protestant homes must be very large. We can hardly expect the managers of these institutions to reject every child who happens to have an Irish name, although in most of such cases we may fairly assume a Catholic parentage. For where are these children to go? Father Douglas spent all his money and much of his health and strength in establishing a home for such; but with all his zeal and self-denial, the Home was never properly taken up; its usefulness was cramped by want of funds, and its accommodation never adequate³ to the wants it aimed at supplying. What could one such Home do for the whole of London—nay, for the whole of England, for children were taken in from all parts?

Supposing the Protestants were to say they would not take in a Catholic child—would not this expose them to a charge of bigotry, and would not some at any rate among us take up the charge? Of course the plea that such Homes are “undenominational” is a ridiculous one, from our stand-point; undenominational teaching must be anti-Catholic; but what are we to do? As things are now, many of our children must go one way or the other: to the streets or to the Protestant Home—which is it to be?

Mr. Austin Oates, in his recent paper in the *Dublin Review*, is deservedly severe on the proselytizing homes, but I am inclined to regret that he did not more clearly recognize the fairness of others engaged in “Rescue Work,” as it is called. I should like to give one or two instances of this. *The Child’s*

positive nod of assertion—‘cos, sir, you see, mother, afore she died, always *did that* when she spoke of the Pope,’—and the boy made what is known as the sign of the Cross;—‘and one day, when she wor a-dyin’ in the ‘firmary, a gent wor in there in black clothes a-talkin’ to her, an’ mother wor a-cryin; then they begun to talk about Him, sir, and they both did the same;’ and the boy repeated with his fingers the sign of the Cross.

“‘Then because your mother made the same sign with her fingers when she spoke about the Pope and about Jesus, you thought she was speaking of the same person?’

“‘Yes, sir, that’s it;’ and the boy gave a nod of pleased intelligence.

“Reader, I am but setting down *facts*—just as they occurred. This was literally all that the poor lad knew of Him who had left Heaven that He might seek and save the lost.”

³ Even the accommodation could not be used for want of funds. “Lord Archibald has accommodation for 120 boys, but he has only means to provide for 80” (E. Lucas in *THE MONTH*, July 1885, p. 315.) The number of beds now at St. Vincent’s Home is only 40, of which 36 are occupied, but the income is not adequate to defray the expense of these.

Guardian, the monthly paper of the London Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, writes in its first number :

Catholic children, it is said, are sent by the Manchester Society [for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children] to Protestant Homes. If this has even only once been true of the Manchester Society, we recommend it to lose no time and to spare no pains in getting the child restored to the religion in which it was baptized, and the faith of its parents' happier days. The London Society always carefully guides the magistrate as to the religion of the family from which the child he is asked to protect comes, whenever it will have to be sent to a Home at his order. Where a child has to be dealt with privately, law not meeting its case, the Catholic child always goes to a Catholic Home. And Protestant members of the committee, where a Catholic child has been absolutely friendless, have privately paid for its outfit to be admitted, and have made themselves responsible for the cost of its future maintenance there. Our committee's work begins with the prevention of cruelty and ends with it. Jews, Catholics, Protestants, have worked for two years together in a happy unity, which has never known a party name or sign.⁴

This Society, of which Cardinal Manning is a Trustee and one of the Vice-Presidents—the *only* Catholic in a long list of titled and other names—gives evidence in its Reports of its fair dealing:—L. C. has been "received into St. Elizabeth's Home (Lady Herbert of Lea's) at Salisbury . . . the Sisters speak of the girl in the highest terms." M. S., "through the kindness of Cardinal Manning," is at Nazareth House. C. R., with three sisters, is at St. Elizabeth's.

Another body, "The Reformatory and Refuge Union," equally recognizes Catholic claims. A boy, E. G., was sent "to — Roman Catholic Industrial School;" a girl, S. P., was "rescued through a Roman Catholic priest," who writes: "Now that she has been received for transmission to a school, we may expect that she will be safe from the ruin of her body and soul: may Almighty God crown your work with much success:" and so on.⁵

But it may be said that our children of this class are adequately provided for, and the cases I have cited may be

⁴ *Child's Guardian*, January, 1887, p. 4.

⁵ The Reports of these two Societies contain cases of almost incredible horror, and go far to bear out certain statements which were condemned as sensational and improbable on their publication a year or two since. Any society which rescues children from such iniquities as are described merits the gratitude and support of every decent man or woman.

pointed to in evidence. I think, however, that if the work were systematically taken up by Catholics it would be found that our accommodation was far from sufficient. The fact that these cases were rescued, not by Catholics but by Protestants, is also significant: had it not been for these societies, these children, who are now in the right path, would have been, in all human probability, irretrievably lost. How many more such are now going the same road, with no one to hinder them?

We must leave the children, however, and turn to the lads—to those who have left school, and are out in the world getting their living. This branch of the subject may be fitly introduced by a narrative for the accuracy of which I will be responsible.

Some months since, a London Conference of St. Vincent of Paul received a letter from a priest asking that inquiries should be made at a certain Working Boys' Home, regarding a Catholic lad named Stephen Williams.⁶ The boy's father and mother were so unsatisfactory (they were not living together) that no wish was expressed that he should return to either of them; it was only desired that the boy should practise his religion. Inquiries were made at the Home, the manager, Mr. Smith, meeting the Brother of St. Vincent of Paul in a most friendly and open manner. It was quite true, he said, that Williams was a Catholic: he noticed that he never took part in singing the hymns in the services at the Home: when he first came, the boy used to go to the Catholic church, but he knew no one there and felt it strange, and after a little while he went to — chapel with the other boys. "Would there be any objection to his going to the Catholic church?" "No, not if some one would see that he went." The Brother then asked if he could see the boy, but he was not in: "But," said the manager, "why don't you ask him round to tea with you on Sunday afternoon? We are always glad when any one will take an interest in our boys, and you could then talk to him quietly about it. You know what boys are, and perhaps he will say that Mr. Smith won't allow him to go; but you can tell him to ask me about it." Arrangements were made, and Williams turned up—a quiet decent lad of seventeen, who was doing well in his place, much attached to the Home and the manager, and very ready to renew his religious duties. He was at once taken to a priest, who heard his confession; and became a

⁶ I am not using the real names, and I omit certain details which are not essential to the narrative.

regular attendant, not only at Mass but at Vespers, and also a monthly communicant.

At one time this arrangement was endangered, and I mention this to show how careful we ourselves should be not to put any hindrance in the way of such cases. Some weeks after, the manager called on the Brother who had taken up the case, and asked if he could absolutely guarantee that Williams was at church every Sunday, the rule of the Home being that every boy should attend Divine Service on Sundays. Some of the other lads, perhaps jealous of Williams' privileges, had set it about that he went for walks on Sundays instead of going to church. "I am anxious to know," said the manager, "because another Catholic boy was brought to me to-day from —; they told me he was a Catholic and must attend a Catholic church, but they had not spoken to a priest about him, so I thought I would mention it to you." The Brother undertook that Williams' attendance should be noted, but the arrangements for this fell through. The manager on this spoke of withdrawing his permission, but better counsels prevailed. Since then a third Catholic boy has come to the Home, who also is allowed to attend Mass; in this case it was found that, although he had the grace to call himself a Catholic (as he had been baptized one), he was almost entirely ignorant of Catholic doctrine; he is now under instruction, and giving much satisfaction.

Now, supposing the priest to whose zeal all that followed is due, had not written to the Conference of St. Vincent de Paul, who would have been to blame for the at least temporary loss of these boys? I leave the boys themselves out of the question; but would it be fair to blame the manager of the Home? He was bound by the rule that everybody was to attend Divine worship on Sunday—how could he be sure this rule was kept, unless the boy was under his own eye, or that of some responsible person? Undoubtedly he might have communicated with the Catholic clergy, but this is almost more than could be expected of him. Williams says that no influence was ever brought to bear upon him to induce him to attend the Protestant chapel, and no hindrance is put in the way of his going to Mass, or of his joining a Catholic club in the neighbourhood.

Through the agency of the Charity Organization Society, a place was found for Williams in this Home, where he was comfortably fed and clothed, and morally and socially cared for. There is recreation in these Homes, and the lads speak well of

them ; they soon get places, and are sheltered and fed while out of work. Supposing that Williams had not found a home there, what would have become of him ? His father is a confirmed drunkard, his mother even worse.

Now it is obvious, and this is the moral which I want to point, that until we have Homes for Working Boys of our own, we shall always be losing in this way ; for the inference is, I think, fair that in many other Homes are lads similarly situated, who have had no one to look after them, and whose managers may not be equally fair and considerate. We have some wealthy Catholics and many who are "well-to-do" : we are sure that they would gladly help if they were appealed to ; and we think of the bitter cry of Frederick Lucas forty years ago : "How are we calling down the blessing of God in this country to convert it, when we allow the wholesale perversion of our own children ?" The lads who drift into these Homes are often of no deep religious conviction ; as the manager above referred to remarked, "They don't come here for religion, but for something to put in their bellies." Is it better that they should swell our criminal classes and people our jails than that they should be brought up decent members of society, gaining an honest living ? Perhaps in one sense some may say that it is ; for it may be that in the prison the slumbering faith may be awakened, and even at the last repentance may come ; while the "respectable" man, as too often happens, will take the tone of his surroundings, and the good seed will be choked. But here is the lad before you : will you send him back to the drunken father and the wretched mother with her vile companions, or will you hand him over to the Protestant Home ? To one or the other he is going—not as a unit, but in hundreds and thousands ; and to one or the other he *must* go, until "we Catholics" realize that we *are* our brothers' keepers, and provide other accommodation for him. We made a supreme effort some years since on behalf of our schools ; we must do the same again for those who have left our schools.⁷

There would, of course, be some expense ; and the claims on Catholics are many and urgent ; but the need is great enough to overcome every obstacle of this kind. The many distinguished Catholics in all ranks of life, from Peer to

⁷ I am of course aware that a few years back the London Society of St. Vincent de Paul had a Working Boys' Home, which was not altogether a success. But this is no argument against trying again.

"Popinjay"—immortalized in *We Catholics* on various grounds—might perhaps afford a pound a year each to rescue their fellow-Catholics from eternal loss! For it is no use mincing the matter—it is *that* that we are fighting for. The thing can be done; and that at a cost which, compared with the end to be attained, is absurdly small. I have before me the *Report for 1885 of the Homes for Working Boys in London*, from which I extract the following particulars. There are nine of these Homes, with a total of 313 beds, the average number of boys being 250. The maintenance of these Homes cost £2728 16s. 8d. (the total ordinary expenditure being £3,204 5s. 3d.) of which amount the boys' payments amounted to £926 15s. 9d.; the annual subscriptions realized £875 8s. 6d., and donations £1,422 15s. 6d. The largest Home, Pelham House, containing accommodation for 48 boys, cost £395 5s. 5d., of which sum the boys paid £172 10s. 2d., leaving a balance, to be defrayed by subscriptions, of £222 15s. 3d. This sum of £395 includes—rent (£152 11s. 1d.), salaries (£105 15s. 0d.), repairs, medical attendance, lighting, firing; everything, indeed, except food, the cost of which is covered by the payments received from the boys. There was, of course, a heavy primary outlay in furnishing: Tyndale House, the last acquired, cost £768 10s. 8d. in expenses connected with alterations, furnishing, &c. The following statement precedes the Report:—

These Homes are intended for boys between the ages of thirteen and seventeen, who are able to work and earn wages, but have no home to save them from the temptations of common lodging-houses.

These may be divided into three classes:

1. London boys who have no homes.
2. Country boys who, having lost their parents, or under other circumstances, have come to London seeking employment.
3. Boys who have been inmates of Industrial Schools, Refuges, or Workhouse Schools, and who have been placed in situations in London.

Most of the boys earn sufficient wages to board and clothe themselves; but in a few cases help has at first to be obtained from friends to enable them to do this.

Many of those admitted already have situations: while in other cases temporary assistance is given to enable the boy to maintain himself until he has found employment.

The Superintendent supplies food to the boys at the rate of 4s. 6d. per week (which covers the cost); while those who can afford it are able to obtain additional food at reasonable prices.

Cannot something be done towards establishing at once at least two Catholic Working Boys' Homes in London—one in the Westminster and one in the Southwark diocese? We want more than these; but can we not make a beginning with two? Cannot two hundred Catholics be found in each diocese who, in spite of their already numerous calls, can give one pound a year towards the saving of forty-eight of our boys?

There are many more ways in which our boys may be helped, but the work which calls aloud for attention will never be done until there is more activity and a deeper sense of our needs among Catholic laymen in general; a greater desire on the part of the clergy for lay co-operation; and a large development in numbers and working power of the Society of St. Vincent of Paul. Our priests are overworked already, which is in itself a good reason why they should welcome lay help. Here is one point which needs attention.

For bigger lads, the remedy already touched upon in this Review⁸ is one which has not yet been properly taken up—the establishment of clubs. "Are you going to save souls by bagatelle?" some one will say. Yes, it is quite possible that bagatelle and cards may prove very potent aids to salvation. The club, not the confraternity, must come first: you must catch your hare before you can cook him; and you must attract your lads before you can hope to do anything with them or for them. The excellent Young Men's Society, as planned by Dean O'Brien, and carried out in Scotland and the north of England, is not suited or intended for this work: "it is a brotherhood of practical Catholics, not a refuge for spiritual waifs and strays. . . . An influx of waifs would tend to demoralize the Society, destroy its credit, and endanger the spiritual welfare of its members."⁹ This work of Boys' Clubs is being undertaken by the Society of St. Vincent of Paul in many places with good results; when it is so generally adopted that our great towns, at any rate, have a number of such clubs—one in nearly every mission is the least that can be considered adequate—we may feel that one leak, at any rate, is in process of being stopped. If this paper were not already over-long, more might be said on this point. This much, however, shall be said: that every year—and, at the present time, when our Southwark Club is in full working order, every week—convinces me that in this

⁸ THE MONTH, Oct. 1885.

⁹ *Report of Conference of Young Men's Societies at Dumfries, 1886*, pp. 37, 38.

work of Clubs lies our *only chance* of getting at our working lads. I do not mean that the mere starting of a club is sufficient; but by means of it we can bring personal influence to bear upon lads who otherwise are beyond our reach. If you visit a boy at his house, you can't get at him; any one who has tried it knows that this is the case. His mother is almost certain to second your suggestion that Pat should go to Mass with an injudicious zeal which puts that young man's back up at once—especially if he knows that she herself is at least as bad as he is in this respect; he relapses into sulky silence, and nothing can be done. But when you have become friends with him at the club, you can find an opportunity of broaching the matter; one or two of his mates may be set on to him, in a friendly way; and, after a little, things begin to work. The greatest value of a club is as a means towards obtaining that personal influence with a lad without which nothing can be done, and which can be gained more readily through a club than by any other method. I do not say that the attempt always succeeds: is there anything which does?

There is another cause of our losses—one which many Catholics seem to ignore, but which is undoubtedly a potent factor in bringing them about: and that is the abuse of intoxicating drink. On this point I will only quote the words of Cardinal Manning, who has given it as his opinion that "if we had begun the League of the Cross twenty-five years ago, we should have a hundred thousand more Catholics in London; if twenty-five years ago men and women had been sober, there would have been that number of Catholics more to-day than there is. . . . There are thousands of the sons and daughters of Irish parents in the workhouse. How did they get there? By drink. They went into the workhouse to get bread, and their children were brought up without faith and without religion."

There is one question that it is impossible to avoid asking from time to time. How is it that our young men of the upper and middle classes seem to have little or no idea of the unlimited field of useful work open to them in saving boys and young men from this wholesale loss of their faith? It is no want of goodwill on their part: most of them are ready to assist, if only the need is set before them, and the part they might take in supplying it. It cannot be any neglect of their religious education, or that their teachers overlook the duty of

personal charity to the poor in the various duties that they inculcate. What is it then? We believe the cause of their ignorance is that there exists no organized medium of communication between those who are interested in the work and know its importance, and the inmates of our various Catholic Colleges. If the Society of St. Vincent of Paul were to send from time to time a competent lecturer to narrate his personal experiences to the boys of Oscott and Stonyhurst, Beaumont and Downside, Edgbaston and Ushaw, as well as to those of the day Colleges in our large towns, we feel sure that he would not come away with empty pockets, and what is more, that those who listened to him would, when they take their places in the world, remember the lesson they had learned, and set their hand to the good work which at present, through sheer ignorance of its existence and of its importance, they now almost universally neglect.

The Existence of God. A Dialogue.

PART THE THIRD.

THE words of a friend whom we respect and love often have a power to carry conviction which would not be possessed by the most logical and irrefragable arguments, if they were not backed by the gentle persuasiveness of personal affection. The listener receives them as a man receives a visitor who comes with a letter of introduction from some one whom he greatly esteems: they have every chance of reaching the centre of the intelligence because they come with a favourable recommendation from the will. This advantage does not interfere with the impartiality of the judgment; it does not warp the decision of the intellect; it only enables arguments, which otherwise would pass unheeded, to obtain a fair hearing, and ensures a patient consideration for doctrines or opinions which would otherwise be dismissed abruptly.

So it was with the good influence exercised by Saville over Cholmeley. Cholmeley knew his friend's ability and the unprejudiced calmness of his judgment. He knew that he had made great sacrifices for conscience' sake: during the hours they had spent together he had been struck with the spirit of peaceful happiness, of which his conversation and demeanour gave the clearest proofs. He could not help contrasting it with the trouble and perplexity of his own mind. In his friend, solid unshaken convictions; in himself, shifting, unsteady opinions. In his friend a consistency of belief, an unity of thought; in himself, a mass of inconsistency which he could not conceal from himself, and a variety of hypotheses which clashed most uncomfortably one with the other from time to time. In his friend, definiteness of conception and clearness of statement; in himself, indefiniteness, mist, obscurity. In his friend, a set of principles which governed all the details of his daily life and gave the tone to all his actions; in himself, no principles worth the name, but a series of guesses to some of which

he firmly held, though to the large majority he gave only a sort of half assent, and accepted them provisionally, until he found something better. Above all, in his friend, a continual cheerfulness, an unfailing peace, a most delightful habit of throwing off troubles or looking at the bright side of every thing, which strangely contrasted with his own fits of gloominess, his critical spirit, his tendency to fix upon the unfavourable side of persons and of things. All this impressed him more and more during the fortnight that they were together, and he recalled again and again the well-known words of the Philosopher: "To those who know there is a sweeter life than to those who seek."

After they had parted company, the words and the influence of his friend seemed to sink in more deeply even than when they were together. Once more the familiar words of the *Ethics* recurred to his thoughts: "If truth," as Aristotle says,¹ "is one, and error many, if there is only one way of being right, and countless ways of being wrong," there can be little doubt that Saville is right and I am wrong. He puts before me a consistent, compact, logical system to which I can only oppose objections and difficulties which would engage in internecine strife if they were not occupied in attacking the common foe of Theism, besides many evasions which in my heart I often do not accept. How can I deny the force of his reasoning? He is not like the well-meaning Theists whose panoply had always some convenient gap where I could thrust in my spear. He appeals to my reason, and my reason cries out within me that he has truth on his side. He is moderate and sensible; he does not urge as conclusive arguments which do not really prove; he does not abuse me or tell me that I am wilfully blind; he does not hurry me; he tells me to wait and think and pray."

So weeks ran on, and Cholmeley did not neglect the advice, and moreover made a good resolution to fight against the storm of passion which had from time to time swept him away, and to avoid the company of those who might lead him into his former evil ways. It was not an easy resolution to keep, but he kept it nevertheless, and found that as in former times the indulgence of passion had helped gradually to obscure and obliterate the belief of his early years, so now the successful struggle seemed to dissipate the mist and gradually to clear his mental vision of the fatal haze that had shut out Heaven from

¹ Cf. Arist. *Eth.* ii. 5, 14:

ἰσθλοὶ μὲν γὰρ ὅπλῳς, παντοδαπῶς δὲ κακοί.

his sight. Gradually he began to say to himself, "I wish I believed. I think I believe. I see good reason why I should believe," and unconsciously he found himself uttering the words, "O my God, help me to believe." Yet from time to time there was a reaction. The difficulties of belief seemed insuperable; the objections he had so often urged against belief, and which he thought would sleep quietly in their graves, slain by the sword of logic and of a growing faith, came out of their tombs and haunted him like horrible spectres, crying aloud in his ears, and challenging him to banish them if he could. After several days' perplexity he sat down on one of those occasions and wrote the following letter to his friend :

Inner Temple.

My dear Saville,—I have been thinking a great deal, since returning to London, about the various subjects we discussed together. I think I can accept the conclusion to which your arguments lead. I really can honestly say from the bottom of my heart, "I believe in God," but it is indeed *from the bottom of my heart*, in that my belief lies concealed deep down, quite out of sight, without any sensible realization of it. It has to struggle up through a host of foes which threaten to choke it on its way. The old objections come out of their lurking-places and oppose it with vivid and menacing hostility. I know they are old objections, but I do not think I ever found a satisfactory answer to them. Perhaps you will tell me I ought to gulp them down, and make an act of faith in God quite irrespective of them and ignoring them, but somehow I cannot do this with any satisfaction. I am still an inquirer, and an inquirer is bound to face the foe, not to avoid him. My chief difficulties are these :

1. How is all the misery and wretchedness in the world compatible with the infinite goodness of God ?
2. How can a just and merciful God have created Hell ?
3. How can such a God leave hundreds and thousands without any means of knowing or loving Him, surrounded by vice and crime and paganism, so that practically without any fault of their own, or comparatively little, they are sure to lose their souls ?
4. How can He have created those whom He knew, in virtue of His omniscience, would be utterly miserable to all eternity ?

I hope you will not think, because I put forward my difficulties, that I am lapsing into my former scepticism. On the contrary, I begin to see, as I tell you, the light in the distance with an ever increasing clearness ; only before I arrive there I have these obstacles to surmount, these spectres to slay which I have so long harboured, and which haunt me still. I must get rid of these before I arrive at any final decision. I am sure you will be patient with me in my search after truth and after God. May I run down and have a talk with you in the course of the next week or so ?

Saville, in reply, invited his friend to come and stay for a couple of days at his modest Presbytery. "You are a nice fellow," he said to him on his arrival, with familiar banter, "to expect of a poor hard-worked priest a solution of some of the deepest mysteries that can be found in Heaven and earth." But they soon fell to discussing the subject that was uppermost in the minds of both, and it was Saville who opened fire.

"I remember," he said, "when we were at Oxford, some Biblical difficulties were once started at a dinner party at Balliol. Some one who was present, and who had been arguing against the possibility of solving them, was asked in that case how he could in reason accept the Bible as the inspired Word of God? '*In reason?*' was the answer, 'I don't accept it in reason, I swallow it down like a pill.' You seem to think, Cholmeley, that I want you to do the same with Theism, to swallow it like a pill, to gulp it down with all difficulties, soluble and insoluble. I want nothing so ridiculous and so impossible. All I want you to do is to accept what your reason deliberately approves. I don't want you to accept anything which really runs counter to your reason."

"But does not the Catholic Church teach that faith comes in and sets aside reason, reversing its decisions and compelling it to accept propositions against which it indignantly protests?"

"Most certainly not," said Saville, warmly, "if it did it would cease to be the teacher of Truth and would become a teacher of abominable lies. Faith, it is true, takes the place of reason, and in this sense may be said to set it aside—it affords a higher sanction to that which reason approves as true. But if you mean that it contradicts reason, or runs in the teeth of reason, or condemns what reason approves as true, or approves what reason condemns, you must have a very strange idea of the relations existing between reason and faith."

"My dear Saville, I always regarded the Catholic Church as the most consistent and reasonable religion in the world, but I never knew it went so far as this. Even now I don't see how you can possibly maintain that it is reasonable in its account of the attributes of God. I am quite at a loss, for instance, to know how you can make out any case, on grounds of reason, for the mercy of a God who fills the world with misery and kindles the eternal flames of Hell."

"Wait a little," was the answer, "there are one or two preliminary remarks I should like to make. First of all, I want

to show you that it would be rather absurd and unreasonable if these difficulties did not exist. So far from being an obstacle to my belief in a God, I find in them a confirmation of it."

"What on earth do you mean?"

"I mean that if God is an Infinite Being, He belongs, in virtue of His Infinite Nature, to a different order of things from all finite beings, and therefore it would be quite unreasonable to expect that we should fully understand the Divine method of government, or should be able to see the motive causes which underlie the action of God."

"Is not this to fall back on the 'mystery trick,' and to tell us that we must shut our eyes and admire in God what we should condemn in an ordinary man?"

"No, it is not; because while I admit the mystery and the inscrutable character of the ways of God, I deny altogether that you can find in the action of God, as known to us, anything incompatible with the absolute perfections of an Infinite Being. Nay, I go further, and say that whenever the Divine action appears to compare unfavourably with the action which would be expected of a perfect man, the difference arises from the necessity of the case, from the fact that the one is Infinite and the other finite, that the one belongs to a higher and the other to a lower order of being."

"Do you really mean to allow the action of the Being of the Higher Order compares unfavourably with that of the lower? Is not this simply to degrade God below the level of man, not to place Him above it?"

"My dear Cholmeley, I never said that the Divine action compares unfavourably with that of man. I only said that it *appears* to do so. Let me illustrate what I mean by an example which is very much to our point. You allow that a man ought to aim at being as merciful as he possibly can, that there should be no limit to his mercy as long as it does not interfere with his duties of justice to others."

"Yes, of course he ought. The more merciful the better as long as it is the genuine article, mercy real and true."

"Yet the most perfect of men can only show a limited amount of mercy, however perfectly he may cultivate the virtue."

"That follows from the limitation of his finite nature, it is no fault of his. Yet he is bound to go as far as he can in exercising mercy."

"Well, now, transfer your thoughts from finite man to the Infinite God. He has all perfections to an infinite degree, has He not?"

"Of course He has."

"And therefore is a God of infinite mercy—an All-merciful God if you like. There is no end to the mercy He can pour forth from the treasure-house of His Divine Nature.

"I do not see the drift of your argument."

"Why, it is simply this. The merciful man who seeks to imitate a perfect ideal exerts to the utmost his faculty of mercy, he throws into his merciful actions all the mercy at his disposal. In so far as he fails of this he is not perfectly merciful. A merciful God, inasmuch as He has an infinite store of mercy, cannot exert it to the utmost on His finite creatures. Their very finitude limits His mercy. He must, from the very nature of the case, draw the line somewhere. He never can exert to the utmost His faculty of mercy."

"Yes, that is true enough, but what then?"

"Well, then you get this contrast. A perfectly merciful man is bound to be as merciful as he can; a perfectly merciful God cannot be as merciful as He can. The one is under an obligation to exert his faculty of mercy to the utmost, the other cannot possibly exert His faculty of mercy to the utmost. Stop where He will, He can always add fresh mercy and this without end."

"That seems to me true and reasonable. But if there is this necessary limit to the mercy of God, where is it to be drawn? Is it determined by the Divine will, or by the nature of those on whom it is exercised?"

"Don't be in a hurry. I want you first of all to appreciate the shallowness of the objection that an All-merciful God, in virtue of His infinite mercy, is bound to be unlimited in His mercy, and if He is not He contrasts unfavourably with a merciful man, whereas it is just the opposite. I assert on the contrary that an All-merciful God in virtue of His infinite mercy *must* limit that mercy in its external exercise, else He would not be God but only a sort of man on a big scale. After this comes the question, What is to set the limit to His mercy? and to this I answer that the only possible limit is the will of God Himself. If God's action were determined by anything outside of Himself He would not be God. At the same time it is true to say that God's mercy is in some sense limited by sin. It is

because we do not appreciate the nature of sin, because we cannot understand its vileness, its hideousness, its almost infinitude of evil, that we do not appreciate the wonderful patience of God, His astonishing forbearance with sinners, His reluctance to punish them as they deserve, His almost extravagant liberality in the bestowal of His mercy."

"Yes, but if He has this unlimited mercy at His disposal, is He not *bound* to exercise it very liberally?"

"No, not bound. In virtue of His Divine Nature he must be perfectly just, but the line of strict justice once passed, the amount of mercy to be bestowed must depend simply and solely on the will of God Himself. In point of fact, He *does* bestow mercy with Divine generosity. He opens the treasures of His love and lavishes it upon his children without stint, and I had almost said without limit. They deliberately outrage and set Him at nought, and He winks at the offence. They rebel against Him, and instead of punishing them as they deserve He seeks to win them back by the sweet suggestions of His grace. They return unkindness for His goodwill and insult for His fond affection, and yet He does not turn them off, but exercises a God-like ingenuity in seeking out means to gain their love. I confess, Cholmeley, the longer I live the more I am astonished, not at the limits of God's mercy, but at its unbounded extent. I am unable to understand how He, the God of Justice, can go the lengths that He does in showing forbearance with the most ungrateful and most rebellious. But all this is done of His own gratuitous longsuffering and compassion. If He were to draw the line after the first deliberate mortal sin, or at all events very far short of where He draws it in point of fact, we should have no reason to complain, and He would be none the less a God of infinite love."

"Saville, I don't think I quite agree with you. In my own case I allow it is true, and I wonder at God's forbearance with such a perverse ungrateful brute as I have been. But in the case of others I do not see the force of your remarks. I am inclined to think God is very hard on a great many."

"I dare say you do," rejoined Saville, "for the very simple reason that your own case is the only one in which you have any knowledge of the facts. I never found any one yet who when he talked honestly did not confess the same as you do about himself, however loud in his denunciation of God's hard treatment of others. As for myself, it is one of the mysteries

of the universe how God has almost compelled me to love and serve Him by the graces and favours He has heaped upon me."

"Yes, but you deserved them. Don't shake your head. However, I don't want to dispute that point. But I do dispute the generosity of God to all the poor wretches who grow up in vice and filth and misery. I cannot understand even the justice—not to say the mercy—displayed to the poor children who never have a chance of virtue. Is it generous, is it fair, to let them be reared amid every sort of iniquity, and then to punish them eternally because they copy the example of their elders and live a life of crime and vice and immorality, when they have never known anything higher or better, and have sucked in iniquity almost with their mother's milk."

"My dear Cholmeley," answered Saville, "don't dress up a spectre and then find fault with its ghastly ugliness. You are getting indignant about a perfectly imaginary case. *If* God punished those who had never had a chance of virtue, because they did not practise it, He would indeed be unjust. *If* a single human being ever lost his soul and was miserable to all eternity, except through his own fault, he would indeed be an unanswerable argument against the goodness of God, nay, against the whole Theist position. You are building up an edifice that lacks all foundation. Your accusation against God is based not on what is the case, but on what you fancy must be the case. In point of fact there is not one of all those who have died in enmity with God who will not have to confess that he has been treated not only justly but generously."

"How do you know this? It seems to me that you have no more right to assert it than I have to deny it."

"In that case we are both arguing in the dark, and you at least have no right to bring your assertion as an argument against God. My counter assertion is worth as much as yours, even if we are both talking at random. But in point of fact I am not talking random. I am speaking from facts within the circle of my own knowledge. Take one of them with which you ought to be familiar. Once upon a time there was a child brought up among robbers and trained himself to the same lawless life. His career of crime ended in his apprehension and conviction, and he was sentenced with one of his companions to die a shameful death. What chance had such an one of saving his soul? If you had known his history and seen him led out to execution cursing and blaspheming, you would

have said : 'Poor fellow ! what chance has he had ?' Yet this man died the death of a saint and went straight to Heaven, and is commemorated in the Roman martyrology on the day on which our Lord died side by side with him on Calvary."

"Yes, but this was a single and exceptional case."

"Another of your gratuitous assertions ; and I do not hesitate to add a false one too. I think there are indications, I do not say proof positive, that at the last moment of life God makes an offer of mercy to all who have not already deliberately and wilfully barred the way to His grace. It is a fact which experience has proved to be true in a great number of well-authenticated instances, that before the soul quits the body the whole of life flashes in an instant before the mental vision. At that moment I believe that every one has a last chance of submitting to God, of choosing Heaven or Hell, and that many a poor outcast, steeped to the neck in vice and all abominations, nevertheless at the last has the grace to make that necessary act of submission and sorrow for sin which opens the door of Heaven and crowns the soul in reward for that one flash of repentant thought with the joy of Heaven to all eternity. The epitaph of the poor fox-hunter :

Between the stirrup and the ground
He mercy sought and mercy found,

might, I fancy, be written in other words over the grave of many a poor thief and prostitute."

"But is not this a demoralizing doctrine and one which would encourage men in vice ?"

"Why, Cholmeley, you were just now arguing against God's mercy, and now you are turning round and saying that He is too merciful. No, it's not demoralizing, for the simple reason that he who perseveres deliberately in sin, trusting to this last chance, will lose the power of availing himself of it. It will not help the hardened reprobate—but it will help, nay, it will save hundreds and thousands of those whom the world regarded as hopeless. 'The last will be first and the first last!' Heaven will have strange surprises for us. The Day of Judgment will among other ends serve as a complete justification of the Providence of God. It will show us how every one who ever came into the world had not one chance but many ; how no soul will be lost except through its own fault, and how the punishment, terrible as it will be, will be altogether short of what was deserved."

"There you come on another of my difficulties. I do not see how a momentary action can ever deserve a punishment which is eternal. There is no proportion between the two. It is not just (to say nothing about mercy) to visit an offence which is past and gone in a moment with misery that lasts for ever."

"I am a little surprised to hear you urge such an objection as this. I know it is a very common one, but I think, if I may say so, that it is scarcely worthy of your intelligence. The moral character of an action is not measured by its duration, nor do its consequences depend on this. There may be an immeasurable intensity of guilt in a look or a movement or a thought. A single word or glance may create a permanent and irredeemable breach between two bosom friends. Some acts are of their own nature irreversible—suicide, for instance. The final act of impenitence is a sort of moral or spiritual suicide. It is a deliberate wilful rejection of God, and that to all eternity. It is a renouncing of His friendship for ever. It is a conscious act of permanent separation from Him with all that such a separation involves. Is it not fair and just that after such a deliberate act (the last, too, after many similar ones going before) the man who makes it should be taken at his word?"

"Well, yes, I think it is, whenever he thoroughly knows what he is doing. But what are we to say of those who commit sin out of sheer ignorance that it is sin? of those whose vicious education has so perverted their conscience that they are not to blame, or scarcely to blame, for their rejection of Truth or for their breaches of the moral law?"

"My dear Cholmeley, you need not be alarmed about the fate that will be dealt out to those who sin, not through malice, but through ignorance. No human being will be separated from God to all eternity unless in this life, out of sheer malice and in the full consciousness of the guilt of what he was doing, he deliberately turned his back on God, outraged His Majesty, rebelled against His dominion, and rejected His love. For such, and for such only, is the misery of Hell reserved for ever."

"Really, Saville," said Cholmeley, "you make Hell quite reasonable. Still I do not see how a merciful God could create such a place as Hell at all."

"I do not admire your assertion that God creates Hell. There is a sense in which it is true, but it seems to me more true to say that man creates it for himself. Hell is the necessary

consequence of a complete separation from God. It is the agony of an intense longing after Him joined with an intense hatred of Him; of an unsatisfied craving after One whom we know to be the Source of all possible joy and happiness, and whom we have for ever forfeited through our own fault. It is the agony of an immortal soul and an immortal body craving after an activity which they never can again enjoy, beating against the bars of their moral prison-house; it is the agony of a struggle between desire and hatred, the desire never to be fulfilled, the hatred utterly feeble and futile, except to heap up misery and anguish on him in whose breast it dwells. Look at the intensity of misery that follows in this life from disappointed love: see how the torment is increased if love and hate be mingled together. See how the anguish becomes still more unendurable if it is the result of the folly or guilt of him who experiences it. Why men look upon all else as insignificant as compared with this. What do they reck of bodily pain or physical torment side by side with this mental and moral agony? It often leads to madness, idiocy, suicide. Yet all this is by reason of a disappointment, the effects of which they know will at most last but a few years. How then can we ever estimate, how can we form any idea of the torture of a separation in which each element of pain is multiplied indefinitely, and which moreover is to last for ever and for ever. Why the pain of immersion in a seething mass of metal would be a joke compared with the pain which is the necessary and natural result of separation from God."

Cholmeley sat silent for a few minutes. "Yes," he said, "that is all true, and certainly gives me quite a new face on the question of Hell. But two objections occur to me. If this is so, why do Catholic writers lay the chief stress on the physical torments of Hell? on the lake that burns with fire and brimstone? on the flames that feed upon the bodies of the lost without consuming them? on the darkness and the red-hot prison-house and the different kinds of punishment inflicted on the various senses. If all this is of minor importance, why put it in the forefront?"

"My dear Cholmeley, you must be aware that a wise man who desires to persuade his audience chooses not the arguments which have the greatest weight in themselves, but those likely to tell the most on those he is addressing. Now the mass of men are able thoroughly to appreciate physical pain. They

know it by experience; but few of them can estimate the intensity of moral suffering. And if they can, yet they cannot realize how all possible anguish is involved in the loss of God. Fancy a preacher addressing an ordinary half-educated or uneducated congregation as follows: 'My brethren, picture to yourselves the misery of losing God; of being His enemy for ever; of having no chance of ever beholding the Beatific Vision; of being cut off from Him who is the Source of all joy and happiness and delight.' What impression would this make on a popular audience? The ordinary sinner would comfort himself by thinking that he had been separated from God the greater part of his life without any very painful results, and he could not understand a state of things where the consequences would be the intensity of anguish described by the preacher. Very different is it with physical suffering. Tell a man, educated or uneducated, to thrust his finger into the flame of a candle and hold it there if he can; tell him to try and realize the effect of being plunged into the stream of molten metal that pours out from the furnace of an iron foundry, and remaining there with a body capable of the anguish but incapable of death. Ask him whether any sinful enjoyment or bodily pleasure is worth the chance of such a fate as that to all eternity, and you will produce a very different effect: his imagination and memory will come into play and he will dread the lesser agony with a fear which with God's grace very often will have the most salutary effects on his after life."

"True enough," said Cholmeley, "*Do manus*, I give in. But my other difficulty is more serious. If separation from God is far worse than being plunged into a sea of molten fire, how is it that men who are separated by the greatest possible distance in this life have such a very comfortable and happy time of it? I know pious people say that they are very miserable under the surface and have no real peace of heart, but are consumed by a secret despair; but all I can say is, that if they are, they have a wonderful power of concealing it and putting on a mask of gladness. Why some of the cheeriest men I know have thrown off God altogether."

"Quite so," said Saville. "I myself always feel inclined to be impatient when good men talk rubbish about the misery of the wicked. Do not mistake me. The wicked are utterly miserable in that they have in them the root of all misery; but thousands of those who have forsaken God are certainly not

conscious of their misery. They are prosperous, self-satisfied, contented with themselves and all around. They have their qualms and dark moments, and their happiness is not of the highest type; but on the whole their lives are very pleasant ones. You ask how this can be, or rather since this is true, how the chiefest misery of Hell can be enmity with God and separation from Him. Let me answer by a parallel case. "Suppose that a man were to be shown a number of photographs of a very beautiful person, all of which resemble her more or less. He reads her works, admires the pictures she paints and the wood-carvings she executes, he has also some correspondence with her. Do you think that such communications as these would engender in him a very intense feeling of love?"

"No, I don't suppose it would."

"Or that it would cause him great sorrow or misery if he quarrelled with this friend?"

"No, he would not, I fancy, take it to heart."

"But now suppose that he was brought into contact with her and had the opportunity of realizing the intensity of her unrivalled beauty, the grace, the majesty, the winning gentleness, the sweet attractiveness of her nature, if he found in her the realization of his highest ideal and one who would satisfy all the cravings of his heart, if he conceived for her in spite of himself a love which made the world beside colourless and distasteful to his nature and all the longings of his heart, would not this make all the difference? Would not the appreciation of her perfect loveliness fill his heart with a yearning inexpressible to be with her all his life long? Would not separation from her cause a degree of misery proportioned to the delight and happiness that he knew her society would bring him? Would not dark despair come over his soul if she cast him off for ever, and that through his own fault, with expressions of hatred and contempt?"

"Yes, certainly, but what then?"

"Apply this to God. Here on earth we see and admire God in His works, but Him we see not, and so we know not what it is to lose Him. But at the judgment we shall see His Divine Beauty, not in the beatific vision, but under the transparent veil of the glorified Humanity of the Incarnate Son of God, and beholding this we shall yearn after God with an unspeakable yearning, and the knowledge of what we have lost through our own fault will fill us with intolerable anguish. This

will be the worm that dieth not, far worse even than the fire that never will be quenched."

Cholmeley made no answer for some time. At length he said, "My dear Saville, if all Theists were like you, with a reasonable and sensible explanation of the dogmas of religion, I think the agnostics and atheists would have a bad time of it. Now I see why you would not allow that God created Hell. But there seems to me one consequence from your theory which is not exactly orthodox. If the agony of Hell is a sort of necessary consequence of the loss of God, and not a positive infliction on God's part, what becomes of the physical fire of Hell? You don't mean, I imagine, that the agony is simply mental and moral, and there is no physical agony, and that the fire is merely metaphorical, and not real?"

"No, Cholmeley, the fire is real fire; and in this real fire the bodies of the enemies of God will be tortured to all eternity. But when we speak of real fire, we do not mean fire with all the characteristics of the fire known to us upon earth. On earth fire has to be continually fed with some combustible material, whereas the fire of Hell needs no such food for its maintenance. It will never fade away or be extinguished. On earth again fire gives light, whereas in Hell there will be nothing but the blackness of darkness for ever. On earth fire ministers to our comfort and happiness, it is only under certain circumstances that it is a source of pain, whereas in Hell it will do nothing but torment."

"But in this case, how can you call it real fire? Does not St. Thomas say that the fire of Hell is identical in nature with the material fire that we are familiar with on earth?"

"He says that at least it is the same in its *effects*. That is to say, the pain it inflicts is of the same kind as the pain produced upon our material bodies by material fire here on earth, in so far as anything in this life of dulled perception, limited as it is by the finite and perishable character of our mortal bodies, can correspond to that which belongs to the quickened and intensified life of a body which is imperishable and immortal. As here no pain is so intolerable as the pain of fire, so in the next world the pains of Hell will not only surpass all the agony endured by those who suffer the most in this life, but all the agony that we can picture to ourselves if we multiply a hundred times over all the pain that mortal man is capable of enduring. But we must not wander from our subject."

"I do not think we are wandering. The nature of Hellfire was one of my difficulties against the existence of God. You have done a great deal to remove the difficulty. But there is one point that you have overlooked. It may be true that in Hell the bodies of the lost will be tortured by a real fire after their bodies are restored to them at the Judgment, but how can it be so now? How can the fire which is of a nature adapted to affect the material body, and the soul only through the medium of the body, torture the immaterial soul, separated as it is from its body until the resurrection?"

"I am glad you reminded me of what is a very real and very reasonable objection. It is one that it is difficult to answer. It always must remain to some extent a mystery which we cannot explain."

"Saville, I thought you had done with talking of mysteries. I am not fond of mysteries. They always seem to me like an evasion of a difficulty that we cannot solve."

"My dear Cholmeley, please don't talk nonsense. If the recognition of mysteries that we cannot solve is the evasion of a difficulty, we have no alternative but to give up the world unseen altogether, and fall back into the slough of materialism. Even then, besides the contradictions in which we shall involve ourselves, we shall scarcely be free from those mysteries to which you object. Nature is full of mysteries. The material world is rife with them. We cannot get rid of them; and our only chance of reconciling ourselves with them is to confess the fact, and allow that the explanation is beyond us."

"But is not this to run counter to our reason?"

"Not at all. It is essentially in accordance with reason. Take the case in point. You ask how the material fire can possibly affect directly the immaterial soul? I answer by another question. If this impassable gulf separates the material from the immaterial, how is it that the immaterial soul suffers with the sufferings of the material body? My nerves are out of order, and my soul is tormented by empty fears, anxieties, scruples, self-reproach. My liver is deranged, and my hopes for time and eternity seem black and hopeless. Dyspepsia lays hold of my digestive powers, and I lose all the brightness of my soul and all the energy of my immaterial intelligence."

"That is because body and soul are united together into one perfect whole. They are not separate like the tormenting fire and the soul which it torments. There is not therefore

the same difficulty in understanding how one can affect the other."

"Not the same difficulty! There seems to me a much greater one. If the immaterial cannot affect the material, how much less can it be united to it! If there is such a gulf between them that the action of the one cannot reach the other, how far stranger and more mysterious is the uniting together into one composite whole of the material body and immaterial soul! Surely, Cholmeley, if you believe yourself to be a composite being made up of the gross slime of earth and Divine fire from Heaven, harmonized into a wondrous unity, you are believing in what is a hundred times stranger and more surpassing our power of imagination, than when you admit the power of the element of fire (whatever it may be) when supernaturalized and freed from its earthly grossness, to affect the souls of men when they exist for a time apart from the body."

"Well, if you put it that way, it is reasonable enough. I certainly do believe in the union of body and soul, and I know by experience how each is affected by the other. So I suppose I may as well believe in the power of the fire to affect the soul without more ado."

"You may indeed, especially when you remember that it is not mere earthly fire that torments the spirits of the lost, but a fire suited to and in unison with the world in which it exists. But have you any further difficulties on this subject?"

"Yes I have. I want to ask you whether Hell is a *state* or a *place*? I have read some very funny story about a man seeing his grandmother's soul shot out of Mount Vesuvius, only to fall back again into the volcano. I know this is only a kind of pious pleasantry, but unless I am mistaken, learned theologians have seriously maintained that Hell is situate in the centre of the earth. Of course it may be so, there is nothing in the nature of things to render it impossible; but it seems to me rather a gratuitous assertion. We are told that the earth will one day be burned up, and to create a new world as the permanent abode of the lost is surely a still more unnecessary hypothesis. Altogether, the whole notion is mediæval and childish."

"I would not call it childish, nor particularly mediæval. It is true that it is put forward by theologians as a probable opinion, and that some of them lay great stress on the fact that it is a *place*. And a place it must be when we come to

think of it, because the bodies of the lost will be there, and bodies necessarily imply some sort of local abode. But this, like much of the language used about Hell, seems to me to be an expression of that which is *virtually* true, and which conveys a true idea to the popular mind. It is meant to impress upon us the depth of the dungeon, the absence of all light and of all liberty, the intensity of the scorching withering heat, the complete oblivion which will be the lot of those who have separated themselves from God. It is like many other dreadful things which are said of Hell and which are true, inasmuch as the very worst that can be said of it is contained in the far more dreadful reality. Thus it is a *prison*, inasmuch as a prison implies a complete loss of liberty. It is a *prison-house of fire*, inasmuch as fire implies the worst kind of torture imaginable. It is, moreover, a *lake*, or pool of fire, inasmuch as the torturing element surrounds and encompasses those who suffer in it. It is, moreover, a *place of darkness*, in that no ray of light breaks in on the hideous monotony of eternal misery of the lost. The unhappy beings there are said to shriek and howl and pour forth incessant cries of anguish, and gnash their teeth, and beat their breasts, and blaspheme God—not that these expressions need be literally and actually true, or that there will be really any sounds to break the silence of never-ending despair, but because these modes of giving vent to intolerable agony are the common means by which men on earth convey to their fellows the intensity of their anguish, and therefore they are the nearest approximation which is possible to human language, an expression of the condition of the lost in Hell."

"But that makes all these terms a kind of metaphor."

"No, it does not. There you make a philosophical blunder very common among Protestants, and indeed among all who have not carefully studied their philosophy. In a metaphor we apply to one order of things an idea which properly belongs to another. We use an expression, for instance, of things immaterial, which is limited in its strict sense to things material. Thus if I talk of "walking steadily along the road to Heaven" as a synonym of perseverance in virtue, I am introducing a metaphor. The idea of *walking* is an idea belonging to things material, so too is *road*. But when I use an expression which conveys an idea applicable literally to its object, there is no metaphor. Thus when I call Hell a prison, there is no metaphor, because a prison simply means a state of involuntary confinement, and

it is literally true of the lost that they are compelled to remain there very much against their will. Hell is a prison in the proper sense of a word because it is a prison in its effects, and those confined there are prisoners, even though there are no doors, no bolts, no locks. Walls and bars and bolts are not essential to a prison. Blackwell's Island in the Hudson is none the less a prison because those confined there are not shut in by any material appliances. When I speak of the lost as being plunged in a lake or pool of fire, I am again using the words in their literal, not their metaphorical sense, because the suffering to which they are condemned is in its effects literally the same as that of being immersed in fire. It is true that there are many expressions used of Hell which are on the borderland between the literal and the metaphorical, but this does not affect my main contention, which is that the eternal punishment of the lost includes in itself all the suffering which we describe by the terms employed."

"Do you extend this to what is called in Scripture 'the worm that dieth not'?"

"I think the more common opinion is that this is a metaphor. I am glad you reminded me of it, because it brings out clearly the distinction between the metaphorical and the literal. The worm of remorse gnaws the soul just as a material worm gnaws the body: there is therefore the necessary transference from the material to the immaterial order which constitutes a metaphor. But the 'fire that shall never be quenched' is material fire, and works its effect on the soul in quite a different way. The one causes mental anguish, the other physical; the one produces suffering which in this world acts independently of the body, the other suffering which here on earth acts on the soul through the body. But really we must not allow ourselves to run off into subjects which bear rather remotely on our main thesis. What we are discussing is whether there is in the idea of Hell anything incompatible with the infinite perfections of God."

"Don't grudge me the digression, Saville; you have opened my eyes on a good many points where I was all in a muddle before. But there still remain two difficulties unsolved. Even if Hell be in accordance with reason and the necessary result of offending God, I don't see why this world should be so full of misery—a misery too which falls, or seems to fall, indiscriminately on good and bad alike, on the innocent and the

guilty, on the spotless child and the hardened reprobate. I have often read Mill's words with a sort of sympathy :

Nature impales men, breaks them as if on the wheel, casts them to be devoured by wild beasts, burns them to death, crushes them with stones like the first Christian martyr, starves them with hunger, freezes them with cold, poisons them by the quick or slow venom of her exhalations, and has hundreds of other hideous deaths in reserve, such as the ingenious cruelty of a Nabis or a Domitian, never surpassed. All this, Nature does with the most supercilious disregard, both of mercy and of justice, emptying her shafts upon the best and noblest, indifferently with the meanest and worst ; upon those who are engaged in the highest and worthiest enterprises, and often as the direct consequence of the noblest acts ; and it might almost be imagined as a punishment for them.²

How do you reconcile all this with the justice and mercy of God ? ”

“ My dear Cholmeley, let me ask you a question in return. If some one were to offer you £10,000 a year and perfect health, a successful career, and a long and happy life, on condition of your receiving with patience one stroke of a lash, should you consider the bargain a hard one, or condemn the justice or mercy of him who inflicted the blow, even though for a moment it was rather painful ? ”

“ Of course not ; but a momentary blow is very different from the protracted misery that many suffer for long years.”

“ Yes, and a life of wealth and happiness is still more different from an eternity of happiness in Heaven. Why, if we had to endure ten thousand years of the keenest suffering imaginable, instead of some seventy years at most of mingled joy and sorrow, our bargain would be a most magnificent one. Even then it would be an ocean compared with a drop, an unending vista of perfect joy compared with a vanishing fit of sorrow.”

“ That is all very true, but, if God is omnipotent, why should there be any sorrow at all ? ”

“ Tell me, Cholmeley, have you never experienced, when some pain ceases, that the departure of the pain is in itself a pleasure ? The relief is a sort of satisfaction, apart from any positive enjoyment that takes its place.”

“ Certainly I have often observed this.”

² *Essays on Religion*, p. 29.

"So that when pleasure succeeds pain there is a double source of delight: the presence of the pleasure and the absence of the pain experienced before."

"Yes, that is undeniable."

"Apply this to the case in point, and remember that in Heaven there will be always present to us the same leaping of the soul, the same exulting delight that took possession of us when first we exchanged the sorrows of life for the joys of Heaven. There will be no fading away of the joyous memory of sorrow past, but to all eternity there will be the double element of delight, in that "there shall be no more sorrow nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain," and that in addition to this there will be the chalice full to the brim of all the happiness that our soul can possibly contain. If there had not been the previous pain one of these elements of joy would be absent, and God, if He gave us a painless life, would be bestowing upon us what would not be such an unexceptionable boon after all. Mind, I do not say that this is the only, or the chief reason why we have to endure sorrow and pain on earth, but it is a reason quite sufficient to answer your difficulty."

"You are most ingenious, Saville, in turning all my objections to arguments in your own favour. I suppose, according to you, the more miserable a man is here, the more he will appreciate the absence of any sort of misery or suffering in Heaven. That ought to be a consolation when a poor fellow is in trouble. But I have still one shaft more in my quiver. If you give me a satisfactory answer to my last difficulty, I am quite ready to give in for good and all."

"I know what you are coming to, to the objection which is, at first sight, of all objections the most formidable. You are going to challenge the mercy of a God who creates men whom He knows, in virtue of His foreknowledge, will lose their souls, and suffer to all eternity the torments of Hell."

"Yes, that is just what I was going to say."

"But you will be glad to hear that the very fact that God does not look forward, does not alter the arrangements of His providence because the perverse will of men frustrates His intentions of mercy towards them, is one of the proofs of His Divinity."

"How can that be?"

"I think I can make it plain to you. Let me first ask you, what is the rule which governs the actions of a good man?"

"I suppose you would say that it is conscience, or right reason, or the will of God as known to him."

"Should you not also say, that he also ought to calculate the effect of what he is about to do, and shape his course accordingly?"

"This is only a secondary motive, for how can we ever tell whether the results of what we do will be good or bad?"

"You would not allow that a good action always produces good results, and a bad action bad results?"

"Saville, I think you are trying to catch me. I am not an Utilitarian. We ought to act in many cases altogether independently of results, and look at our actions in themselves."

"Very good. But are there not very frequent instances in which our only guide, or our chief guide, must be the results we foresee as probable?"

"Yes, of course there are. But this is only where there is not anything in the nature of the action which decides its character for good or evil."

"Then there are two kinds of actions. In the first we are determined by the goodness or badness of the action in itself; in the second by its probable consequences."

"Yes, and the probable consequences give the character of goodness or badness to the action."

"In the former class, I look at the action, perceive its character, and accept it for its own sake; in the second, I look at the action, forecast its consequences, and accept or reject it according to the nature of those consequences. In the one case there is an immediate apprehension of the goodness or badness of the action; in the other there is a far more elaborate process. I have to look forward, and calculate, and take into account all sorts of circumstances which may affect the results of my action. I have to test its consequences as far as I can, and if my first impression in favour of it is reversed by my more careful consideration of what seems likely to follow from it, I have to confess that I was a little premature, and was mistaken in approving to myself what I have subsequently learned to disapprove. Now suppose that you have had presented to you an action good in itself, but which seems likely to have prejudicial consequences, what then?"

Cholmeley seemed puzzled, but after a moment's thought recovered himself. "Saville," he said, "you twitted me the other day with a fallacy in which you put an impossible case

and then challenged your adversary to explain it. It seems to me that this is what you are doing now, and I answer you with your own scholastic phrase, *Nego suppositum*. I deny the possibility of your supposition: an action good in itself and under all circumstances cannot have bad consequences, at least in the long run."

"Very good," said Saville, "but what if the consequences of such an action are obviously unfortunate?"

"They cannot be, Saville, and I can only say that if they appear to be, the appearance is at variance with the reality, so that if a man says to himself, such and such an action is good in every way, but when I look forward I fear it may have bad results, and therefore I shall leave it undone, he is saying a foolish thing."

"Yes, he is."

"He ought to say, 'This action I know is good, and it is my duty to do it. I certainly cannot understand how it will produce good results, but I know it will because it is good in itself, and my fears are simply the consequence of my very limited powers of foresight.'"

"Yes, that would be the sensible way to look at it."

"And if we suppose him to be judging of the action of another which he knows with absolute certainty to be good in itself, he would be a fool if he condemned the act because the consequences seemed to him undesirable."

"Of course he would."

"Now transfer your thoughts from man to God. Which of these two kinds of actions most nearly resembles the action of God?"

"Why the first, of course. If God is perfectly good, every action of His must be good in itself. God always acts because the act is good in itself."

"And therefore its consequences must be good?"

"Yes, it must."

Cholmeley saw that he was being led on to contradict himself, and wisely determined to carry the war into the enemy's country. But he did so with rather a faint heart, for he saw that he had already conceded implicitly what he still professed to attack.

"Saville," he said, "you seem to me to be assuming the very point you profess to prove. First you say that the action of God is good in itself, and then that it must be good in spite

of the evil consequences that follow from it, just because it is good in itself. I suppose you want me to admit that its consequences cannot be bad, and that it is rather a desirable thing that a poor sinner should be miserable to all eternity. I answer that the action of God may become bad, or at all events less good, because of the consequences, whatever its previous character apart from these consequences."

"Then you would assert that the action of God, like that of man, sometimes depends on the consequences to which He looks forward, inasmuch as they mar the character of the action which is good in itself. But in this case what is the alternative you would suggest?"

"I think a God of mercy, foreseeing as He does the consequence of creating this or that individual, would abstain from the act of creation when He foresees that the man would, even though it be through his own fault, lose his soul and be eternally miserable in Hell."

"The process, then, I imagine would be this: First, God would propose to create some human being; next He would look forward to his future destiny; if the vision was one of happiness prepared for him, He would carry out His design, but if He foresaw that eternal damnation would be the lot incurred He would turn aside from His proposal and create some one else instead."

"Why not?"

"Why for the very simple reason, my dear Cholmeley, that God is perfect and your theory would make Him essentially imperfect. Your attempt to build up an All-merciful God would make Him to be no longer God."

"I don't see how that follows."

"It follows from the change you would introduce into the counsels of God. Would it not be unworthy of God to propose to Himself the act of creation, which is good in itself and suitable to His Divine Providence, then afterwards to confess that, owing to the unfortunate results which on second thoughts He had found would follow from the proposed action, He determined to reconsider the matter and abstain from the creative act?"

"Well, certainly, when put in that way it does seem rather ridiculous."

"Yet this is the only possible alternative to my assertion that the plan of God's Providence necessarily is to do that which is good in itself independently of consequences; or, to

speaking more correctly, of every other consideration save that the action is good, and therefore must from the very nature of things have consequences which are also good. These consequences must ultimately further the design of God in the universe He has created, which primarily is and must be the glory of God and nought else."

"But how can the misery of the lost further God's glory?"

"Not their misery, but the evidence they afford of God's unspeakable hatred of sin. This is the fact that is proclaimed by an eternal Hell, that God hates sin with a hatred that has no bounds or limits. Thus God is glorified even by the unhappy career of one who through his own fault lives in sin and dies in misery. 'God hath made all things for Himself, yea, even the wicked for the evil day.'"

"I suppose this is what you meant by saying that the consequences of God's action always must be good because His action is good in itself?"

"Yes, God's part in the history even of the lost is all good, and therefore the consequences must in themselves be good. Even to the unhappy man who forfeits Heaven, the only element of evil is that which he himself has introduced. To all eternity, in spite of himself, he will have to cry out: 'The works of the Lord are perfect, and all His ways are judgments: God is faithful and without any iniquity, He is just and right.'¹ But I think you must have had enough of theology for the present."

"I have certainly had enough to think about for some time to come. How can I ever thank you sufficiently, my dear Saville, for your patient explanation of difficulties which I dare say seemed to you unreasonable?"

"Unreasonable! not a bit of it. They are difficulties sufficient to puzzle the wisest of men. Nothing but the grace of God and the light He is ready to give to all who ask for it, would ever supply a satisfactory solution of them. I am very glad if I have been any sort of use to you in your search after Truth. But do not forget that he who searches by the light of reason alone carries but a sorry torch. God must help you if you are to find that which you seek."

"I know that, Saville, and you may reckon on my neglecting no means within my reach. Even at the risk of assuming the question to be proved, I will pray God in His boundless mercy to have mercy upon me and aid me in my quest."

¹ Deut. xxxii. 4.

"So do, and God speed you."

A few weeks later Saville received from his friend a letter, in which he asked where he would find the best summary of Catholic doctrine. Saville sent him the Penny Catechism, and told him to read it from cover to cover. "Do not trouble yourself about any more elaborate works. If there is anything in it you do not understand, I shall be very pleased to explain."

Another week passed, and Cholmeley wrote back as follows :

"I was amused at your sending me the Penny Catechism. I rather expected you to tell me to read Perrone or parts of St. Thomas. But I have done as you told me, and I firmly believe every word of it . . . I don't see how a convert to Theism, if he wishes to be consistent and logical, can stop short of the only form of Theism which is perfectly reasonable and consistent. You have convinced me of the foundation being true, and I told you from the first that the foundation laid, I did not expect much difficulty about the superstructure."

Saville's heart leaped within him at reading his friend's letter, and it was not long before Cholmeley was once more housed in the quiet presbytery. A few more talks, no longer arguments but simple instructions in Christian doctrine, and he found himself anxious that his reception into the Church should be no longer delayed. Saville was willing enough : heard his confession, received him into the Church before dinner, and as they sat by the fire that evening, Cholmeley gave vent to his thoughts as follows : "Saville," he said, "I often heard converts say that they found a new meaning in Holy Scripture after they became Catholics. There are a couple of texts that are running in my head and of which I think this is true. 'Old things have passed away, behold all things have become new.' 'Whereas I was blind, now I see!'"

R. F. C.

The Death of the Cross.

Nihil erat tunc in carne intolerabilius (St. Augustine).

THE word cross, in its literal signification, denotes an instrument of punishment and death, which was in use from remote times among the nations of the ancient world. In its metaphorical and wider sense, the word has always been applied to any cause of pain, mental or physical, and also to the suffering resulting from that cause; to the thing that tortures, that is, and the torture produced by it. *Quæ te mala crux agitat?* what evil cross troubles thee? the Roman would inquire of one who appeared to be in affliction; and in our own day nothing is more common than to hear a severe calamity or heavy trial designated as a cross. It is of the cross in its primary and special signification, the cross of wood, whereon whosoever was hung, suffered a lingering and agonizing death, that we have now to speak.

The death of the cross, or crucifixion, was universally considered as the most vile and ignominious as well as the most cruel and barbarous of deaths; as a punishment equally horrible and degrading, whereby the greatest torture and the utmost obloquy were inflicted on the criminal. The Jews considered one who hung upon a tree as accursed of God;¹ the Romans spoke of the cross with horror, terming it *infelix lignum*, *stipitem damnatum*, *infamem crucem*, and death upon it as *summum supplicium* and *extrema pœna*; they regarded it as a penalty unworthy of freemen, fit only for slaves and the vilest malefactors. Nor was the despised slave to be crucified for slight offences or daily delinquencies, but only if convicted of one of three crimes; informing against his master, plotting against his welfare, or repeatedly attempting to escape from his service. When Tarquinius Superbus forced the Roman people to work at the drains, and many preferred to destroy themselves rather than submit to such ignominy,

¹ Deut. xxi. 23.

he ordered their bodies to be crucified, that their fellow-citizens might be induced to obey his mandate, in order to escape this yet deeper indignity; and it was no unusual thing for the dead bodies of those who had laid violent hands on themselves to be crucified, as a deterrent against suicide. Murderers, robbers, and forgers, if base-born, were sentenced to this disgraceful death, and the Roman law also decreed that the seditious and rebels against authority should, according to their social position, either be thrown to wild beasts or incur the more dreaded alternative of crucifixion.² It was as an innovator and stirrer-up of the people that Christ was condemned to death on the Cross.³ Nor was this at all contrary to the institutions of the Jews, since the law of Moses appointed it as the punishment for all crimes deemed deserving of death;⁴ and it was customarily inflicted by them for homicide, theft and sedition, for all crimes in fact except sacrilege, and some for which God had decreed a special punishment.⁵ When the people of Israel on their way to Canaan fell into fornication and idolatry, "the Lord being angry said to Moses, Take all the princes of the people and hang them upon gibbets against the sun;"⁶ and Josue pursued the same course with regard to the kings of the countries he conquered;⁷ the word translated *on gibbets* being rendered in the Vulgate *in ligno gemino*, the term used to denote the cross formed of two pieces of wood. In the book of Esther⁸ we also read that the haughty Aman and his sons suffered the same penalty by command of King Assuerus.

The cross was a usual instrument of capital punishment amongst other nations besides the Jews and Romans. It was known to the Syrians, and Thucydides speaks of it as of frequent use amongst the Egyptians; with the Persians, too, crucifixion was of common occurrence; for instance, Herodotus mentions Polycrates being put to death in this manner by Oroetes,⁹ whereby the vision of his daughter was fulfilled, who had seen her father elevated in the air, washed by Jupiter when it rained, anointed by the heat of the sun. In Africa

² *Legibus Romanorum auctores seditionis aut tumultus pro qualitate dignitatis aut in crucem tolluntur aut bestiis obiciuntur* (Paulus Jurisperitus, l. 5, sent. 22).

³ St. Luke xxiii. 5.

⁴ Deut. xxi. 22.

⁵ Exodus xix. 13; Lev. xxi. 9.

⁶ Num. xxv. 4.

⁷ Josue viii. 29; x. 26.

⁸ Esther vii. 10; ix. 25.

⁹ Hdt. iii. 125.

not only vile, but most illustrious persons suffered death on the cross by command of the Carthaginian Senate. Nor was this less common in Greece; Alexander of Macedon crucified Glaucus the physician; he is also said by Diodorus Siculus to have crucified no less than two thousand Tyrians when he captured their town. Tacitus speaks of hanging on trees as the punishment for traitors and deserters amongst the Germans; this was most probably crucifixion, as in another place he calls the gibbets or the instruments of death, *patibula*,¹⁰ and he would use the word in the Roman meaning to which he was accustomed, viz., to designate the cross. Our method of hanging from a gallows was never practised by the Romans in public, and the Greeks reserved it as a punishment for unchastity in women (*damnatis gulam laqueo frangebant.*) Enemies and rebels in war were not unfrequently crucified in great numbers by the Roman soldiery. Minutius Felix is said to have caused eight hundred Jews to be crucified in Judea, and as many as two thousand suffered in the same way under Quintilius Varus. The Christian martyrs too were sometimes thus put to death, either singly or a number at a time. The Martyrology (22nd of June) commemorates no less than ten thousand holy martyrs crucified on the Mount Ararat, and numerous instances might be quoted of individuals who thus obtained the crown of martyrdom. Nor was the weaker sex exempted from the shame and suffering of this disgraceful death; witness St. Julia (22nd of May) who was crucified in Corsica, and St. Eulalia (12th of February) in Barcelona, in the time of the Emperor Diocletian, after she had previously endured the torture of the rack, iron hooks, and fire.

It was no uncommon thing for trees to be made to serve for the purpose of crucifixion, since they could easily be adapted to it by sawing off some of the branches. Tertullian says that by the orders of Tiberius, the priests of Saturn were crucified on the trees surrounding their temple, and which had overshadowed their evil deeds. In the Martyrology (14th of March) we hear of two holy monks whom the Longobards put to death by hanging them to a tree, and it is said of St. Paphnutius (24th of September) that he was nailed to a palm-tree by command of Diocletian. In this latter instance the nature of the tree employed as the instrument of crucifixion, one without collateral branches, suggests a less usual mode

¹⁰ *Quot patibula captivis, quæ scrobes (Annal i. 61).*

of crucifixion, that of the simple as opposed to the composite cross; this was merely an upright beam or trunk of a tree to which the sufferer was nailed with his hands joined above his head and fastened with one or more nails, and his feet also together, attached in a like manner. Another and a most barbarous mode of punishment occasionally practised by the Romans was that of impalement, the criminal being transfixed in a sitting posture by a sharp stake thrust through him and coming out at his throat. This torture was probably alluded to by Seneca in the words quoted by Lipsius,¹¹ *Sedente in acutâ cruce*, for although it was not properly crucifixion, it went by the name, as did also death by the *furca*, a tree whose branches grew from the stem like the prongs of a fork, and on which a man's arms were not extended in the usual manner, but bent backwards round the branches and bound with cords. This was a more protracted though less acutely painful species of torture.

By far the most ordinary instrument of crucifixion was a cross made of one or more pieces of wood. Of this there were three varieties; the first being the *crux commissa*, a vertical beam surmounted by a transverse bar, in the shape of the letter T. Lipsius¹² says this was the form known to the Phœnicians; it is found on the sculptures of Egypt as an emblem of the future life surmounted by a ring to denote Osiris, the sun, the author of life. The same symbol appears in the inscriptions on the most ancient Christian sepulchres, and it was affixed to the mantles worn by the monks of St. Anthony the hermit. Several of the Fathers mention the Hebrew *tau* as being the form of the cross, and St. Augustine speaks of the three hundred soldiers of Gedeon as showing forth the cross, because the number three hundred is represented by the Greek letter τ. The *crux immissa*, the form of cross most familiar to us, is that in which the vertical beam rises above the horizontal beam, so that the cross has four ends. This shape is said by St. Jerome¹³ to signify the four quarters of the world to which it brings salvation, and to be plainly discernible in all manner of objects; a bird flying through the air with outspread wings, a man swimming in the water, or praying with outstretched arms. Minutius Felix says the same:¹⁴ "We see the sign naturally in a ship borne along

¹¹ *De Cruce*, l. i. c. 6.

¹² *In Marc.* c. 11.

¹³ *Ibid.* l. iii. c. 5.

¹⁴ *In Dial.* Oct.

with bellying sails, we see it when the ship glides forward with outstretched oars, and when the yard is hoisted ; we see it when a pure-hearted man worships God with extended hands." In the Old Testament an emblem of the cross is found in the uplifted arms of Moses, whereby victory was obtained for Israel. This form of the cross is believed to be the one whereon our Lord suffered, not only on the unanimous testimony of the Fathers, but the witness of the oldest representatives of the crucifixion, in the glasses and carvings of the Catacombs and the coins of Constantine and Heraclius. The third was the *crux decussata*, made of two beams of equal length, crossed in the shape of an X, so that both the legs and arms of those crucified on it were extended. Several early writers speak of the letter X as denoting the cross as well as the number ten ; and Damascene mentions the crossing of Jacob's hands in blessing his two grandsons as symbolic of the figure of the cross. Many of the martyrs suffered upon a cross of this shape ; pre-eminent amongst them is St. Andrew, whose name is commonly given to it. Sometimes on this, as well as on the vertical cross, the martyr was for greater cruelty and contempt fastened head downwards, as in the case of St. Calliopius (7th of April) and St. Peter, the latter at his own request.

Scourging seems to have formed an inseparable part of the punishment of crucifixion ; at least under the Romans, no one was crucified without previously undergoing this torture. Josephus and other historians speak of the Jews as having been scourged and tortured in every way with stripes before they were put to death on the cross. The pillars are still shewn in Rome whereat St. Peter and St. Paul were scourged before St. Peter's crucifixion. There were three kinds of scourging ; the *fustuarium*, a military chastisement consisting of beating with cudgels by the soldiers ; secondly, strokes with rods, *virgæ*, generally branches of the vine, a punishment reserved for Roman citizens ; and lastly flogging, *flagellatio*, a penalty for slaves. For this last whips or scourges were employed, having several lashes made of small cords, or thongs of leather, into which, for the sake of causing greater pain, pieces of bone, or knobs, spikes, and stars of metal were inserted ; by these the criminal's flesh was cut to pieces and his body bathed with blood. Our Lord was beaten, not with rods as a freeman, but with scourges as a slave ; and the flagellation He received

was especially severe because it was a separate punishment, intended by the Governor to be His only correction for the crime whereof He was accused ; we read that after it had been administered, Pilate showed Him to the people, declared that he found in Him nothing worthy of death, and sought to liberate Him.¹⁵ Moreover the Jews, themselves prohibited from inflicting more than forty stripes, in their hatred urged on the soldiers and lictors, who were bound by no such law, to administer an unlimited number with unmeasured cruelty. The scourging of a criminal, when not an independent punishment but merely a preliminary part of crucifixion, took place immediately after sentence had been passed on him ; sometimes before he left the Prætorium, in which case he was bound to a pillar to receive castigation. Generally the condemned were scourged whilst being led out to the place of crucifixion ; on the way thither—truly a *via dolorosa*—they were at the mercy of the brutal soldiery and public executioners, who out of cruelty or for sport, hurried them onward, threw them down, dragged them up, and drove them forward not only with the lash, but with goads of iron and sharply pointed staves. In addition to this it was customary, in order to render them objects of scorn and mockery to the populace, for those who were about to be crucified to carry their cross, or a part of it, upon their shoulders to the place of execution, both hands being bound to it by cords. Sometimes they had to bear the whole weight of the usual cross, *lignum duplex* ; sometimes they walked with head and hands in a kind of yoke, the cross-beam of a T shaped cross, also called *patibula*, which was afterwards hoisted up with ropes and fixed on a hook in the vertical beam, or in a cleft in the top prepared to receive it. From the words of St. Luke¹⁶ it has been supposed that Simon the Cyrenean, when forced to take up our Lord's Cross, only relieved Him by carrying the lower end, whilst Christ continued to bear the upper ; but Gretser¹⁷ asserts—and he supports his opinion by that of Athanasius, Jerome, and Augustine—that the more correct idea is that he carried it entirely, following after Christ, Who had Himself borne it alone, until the Jews feared lest He might expire under the load.

It was the custom to strip the condemned when they were led out for crucifixion, unless, as was but rarely the case, they

¹⁵ St. John xix. 4.

¹⁶ St. Luke xxiii. 26.

¹⁷ *De Cruce*, l. i. c. 15.

had already been scourged in the Prætorium, when they were allowed to resume their garments until the place of execution was reached, when they were again stripped before being attached to the cross. Many old pictures represent the two thieves as accompanying Christ to Calvary in a state of nudity. There is no other form of death prior to suffering which the criminals' clothes were removed. A mountain, or high ground, where the bodies of the culprits would become a conspicuous object, was chosen for the place of their crucifixion, or some public place where they would be exposed to the gaze of many, who passing by and beholding, might take warning by their terrible and ignominious fate. Highway robbers and murderers were often crucified by the roadside, or on the scene of their crime; hence perhaps arose the custom which still survives in some countries of erecting a cross to mark the spot where any one has met with a violent death. It is the opinion of the Fathers that the Cross whereon our Lord suffered was planted on the spot where our first father was buried, to signify that as in Adam all die, in Christ all are made alive, and that the descendants of the first Adam should be regenerated by the blood which flowed from the wounds of the second Adam.

The practice varied as to the treatment of the criminal when he arrived at the place of execution. Sometimes he was fastened to the cross while it was lying on the ground in a horizontal position, and sometimes after it was already erected, the executioner standing upon a ladder—an almost invariable adjunct to the instruments of crucifixion—to perform his task. The eyes were generally bound, at least by the Romans, before the sentence of death was carried out, or the head covered, as is stated in the case of Aman,¹⁸ and the arms stretched out to the utmost extent, as may be gathered from the oldest artistic representations and allusions found in ancient writers. If the arms were too short to reach the holes already made in the cross for the insertion of the nails, they were barbarously dragged by means of cords tied round the wrist, until the two joints were dislocated and the limbs sufficiently elongated. By far the most ancient and ordinary method of fastening the criminal to the cross was by means of nails. It is expressly mentioned by Darius in his decree respecting the building of the temple: That if any one whosoever shall alter this commandment, a beam shall

¹⁸ Esther vii. 8.

be taken from his house and set up and he be nailed upon it.¹⁹ But there is no doubt that ropes were employed too, and this when it was desired to prolong the sufferer's agony. Abdias²⁰ states that the Proconsul ordered the executioners to bind St. Andrew's hands and feet with ropes instead of piercing them with nails, with the intention of rendering his death more lingering. It has been stated that St. Peter was thus bound to the cross, because of our Lord's words when foretelling the manner of his death: Thou shalt stretch forth thy hands and another shall gird thee,²¹ but this was probably a reference to the custom of binding the hands fast with cords before piercing them with nails, to keep them in their place while the cruel blows were struck. Some too, have represented the two thieves as fastened to the cross with ropes, and Christ alone with nails, but this is incorrect; Nonnus expressly affirms that they were transfixed with very strong nails, not bound,²² and this statement is confirmed by St. Augustine, St. Gregory, and others. Besides, had this distinction been made between Christ and the malefactors, no miracle would have been needed to enable the Empress Helena at once to distinguish His Cross from theirs. The word *crucifigendi* too is used for them as well as for Him, and we may conclude that it bears the same signification, that of fastening with nails.

The number of nails employed in crucifixion was not always the same. If the instrument of death was a single beam, two were sufficient, one through both hands crossed over the head, and one through the feet. Three or four were generally used, that is one in each of the outstretched hands, and either a large nail transfixing both feet, or a separate one in each foot. Whether in the case of our Lord the number of nails was three or four, is a question upon which opinions are divided. The nails were probably not inserted in the palm of the hand, but in or near the wrist, in a thicker and more bony part, lest the strain of the body, when almost the whole weight was thrown on them should tear out the flesh. If the body was specially heavy, or the hands slight, ropes were passed round the shoulders or breast to give additional support; this was also the use of the *suppedaneum* or *asserculum*, a short cross-beam or projecting block of wood, whereon the feet rested. Sometimes to give greater pain,

¹⁹ 1 Esdras vi. 11.

²⁰ *Hist. Ap.* lib. 3.

²¹ St. John xxi. 18.

²² *In cruce præduris clavis fixi, neque ligati* (Nonnus, in cap. 19, Joan. See also Lipsius, *De Cruce* b. 2, c. viii.)

the number of nails were increased, and they were hammered into the sides, shoulders, and even the head of the sufferer. We read in the Martyrology (29th of Nov.) that in the time of the Aurelian persecution St. Philomenus had his hands, feet, and lastly his head pierced with nails, and thus finished his martyrdom. And on the 14th of the same month it is recorded that Agricola being fastened to a cross with many nails, ended his life. The brothers Marcus and Marcellian (18th of June) being bound to a post had sharp nails thrust into their sides. It was the custom of the Romans to hasten the death of the crucified, which otherwise was most slow and tedious, by piercing his body, striking it with heavy blows, or lighting a fire below, the smoke of which stifled if the flames did not consume him. Pionius, (1st of Feb.) after having been grievously tormented and fixed by many nails to a cross, was burnt by fire, wood having been heaped up at his feet. But murderers, and those who were guilty of heinous crimes, were left to languish for days upon the cross, slowly expiring from hunger and loss of blood, exposed to the attacks of birds of prey, and the teeth of dogs and wild beasts—for the cross, except in the case of persons of superior rank, was no great height from the ground. Horace, in his Epistles, warns Quintilius not to kill any one, lest upon the cross he become food for crows.²³ We read of Respha, whose two sons had been crucified by the Gabaonites, that she suffered neither the birds to tear them by day nor the beasts by night.²⁴ Breaking the legs of the crucified was a custom peculiar to the Jews, and practised by them because their law compelled them to remove the bodies of the criminals before sunset, and as they could not remove them before death, they took this means of accelerating it. Astonishment at finding that Christ had expired after the short space of three hours, caused the Centurion to recognize Him as no ordinary Man; and when the unusual occurrence was reported to Pilate, he wondered, and even questioned the correctness of the statement.²⁵ Timotheus and Maura his wife (the 3rd of May) hung alive on the cross for nine days, encouraging each other to be constant in their faith. St. Andrew (the 30th of November) preached to a large concourse of people from his cross, environed with a great light from Heaven, for two days, at the end of which he besought the Lord that he might die, before the people could execute their intention of taking him down,

²³ *Non hominem occidi. Non pasces in cruce corvos* (Hor. Ep. I. xvi. 48).

²⁴ 2 Kings xxi. 10.

²⁵ St. Mark xv. 44.

and thus deprive him for a time of the crown he coveted. On account of the length of time during which some criminals, if lusty and vigorous men, not much weakened by the scourging they had undergone, lingered on the cross before death put an end to their sufferings, guards were stationed near to prevent relief being afforded them by their friends, and preclude any attempt at rescue. We read that the centurion and soldiers—doubtless for this purpose—sat watching upon Calvary.²⁶ Nor might the bodies be taken down for burial without special permission; too often they were left to rot in the sun and rain, and taint the surrounding atmosphere, like the murderers in more recent times in our own land, left suspended from gallows in lonely places.

We must not omit to mention the title or inscription, fastened to the summit of the cross, wherewith representations of the Crucifixion have made us familiar. It was a paper or board on which, after the *elogium puniendorum* or sentence had been pronounced, the offence for which the criminal was condemned and the nature of his punishment were inscribed, his name and birthplace being sometimes added. Without this *titulus punitorum* no one was put to death, unless the accusation, instead of being written, was proclaimed aloud by the voice of the public crier.

The death of the cross was abolished by Constantine, who commanded that the word crucifixion as a means of punishment should be obliterated from the code of laws. By his decree the cross was borne aloft on the standards of the army, it was placed on the imperial diadem as its highest ornament, and was carried in the right hand of the Emperors during royal progresses. Now the Cross, formerly a symbol of degradation and death, is throughout the whole world honoured and adored: the *lignum infelix* of the Pagan Poet has become the *arbor dignissima* of the Christian Church.

ELLIS SCHREIBER.

²⁶ St. Matt. xxvii. 54.

*The Irish Queen's Colleges.*¹

WHEN Sir James Graham introduced the Bill for the establishment of the Queen's Colleges, he stated that "the various plans for educating the people of Ireland with the aid of Government grants had generally failed, and they had failed whenever there was an interference with conscience in matters of religion." Well indeed might he so declare, looking back at the failure of past educational systems. All the schemes, small or great, humble or ambitious, of individuals or of Government, which in any way tended to pervert the Irish Catholics and seduce them from their old traditions and their cherished faith, had one and all resulted in disaster. The Diocesan Free Schools of Elizabeth, the Royal Schools of James the First, the Charter Schools of George the Second, the mistaken benevolence of Erasmus Smith, the mischievous generosity of the London Hibernian, Baptist, and other societies, were all alike examples of the extravagance and folly of such a policy. No man saw this more clearly than Peel and Graham, the framers and originators of the Queen's Colleges' system. They at least were well aware of the peril in their path. The rock, round which so many wrecks had clustered, was visible and plainly marked upon their chart. Yet with all this knowledge and forewarning they steered full upon the well known danger. Their fatal blunder has caused immense and irreparable loss, and is still inflicting deep injury and wrong upon the Irish Catholics.

To perceive fully the baneful effects of the system of education then adopted, we must examine into the origin, and trace the career, of the Queen's Colleges.

In 1845, when these Colleges were founded, Irish Catholics had no place in their own country where they could obtain the benefits of higher education without sacrificing their religious

¹ Report of the President of Queen's College, Belfast, for the Session of 1885-86.
Report of the President of Queen's College, Cork, for the Session of 1885-86.
Report of the President of Queen's College, Galway, for the Session of 1885-86.

convictions. All the endowed schools and colleges were in the hands of the small Protestant minority, who numbered hardly one-tenth of the population. The University of Dublin was then the only University in Ireland. Its one College, Trinity, enjoyed a revenue and a prestige equal, if not superior, to the best colleges at Oxford or Cambridge. Yet for nine-tenths of the population its honours, its prizes, and emoluments were virtually non-existent, or served as a lure to corrupt the weak and the worldly, and draw them away from the faith of their fathers.

In these circumstances the Catholics demanded that some provision should be made for their own higher education : that Trinity College be made accessible to their youth, or that a new University be established and endowed for themselves. Peel, who was then Prime Minister, acknowledged the force and justice of their demands. Apart from other considerations, he saw clearly that the State, which debarred a large portion of its subjects from the advantages of the highest possible intellectual training, was acting to its own detriment and ruin. It forced into obscurity and impotence the ability and the genius that should be carefully cultivated and fostered in order to maintain its own rank among the nations. The policy of enforced ignorance was the policy of barbarism and national suicide.

No man knew this better than Peel, and no man was more resolute in supporting measures of reform when once he were convinced of their utility and urgency. He let no ties of party, no regard for the doubtful merit of consistency, no paltry bigotry, no considerations of personal advantage, outweigh the interest of the State. He had faced the frowns and indignation of old colleagues on the question of Catholic Emancipation. He had braved the anger, and calmly witnessed the disruption of his party on the question of the Corn Laws. He had aroused the hostility of all the latent bigotry in the United Kingdom on the question of the Maynooth endowment.² A minister of such courage and candour, of such broad unselfish views once he had flung aside the trammels of prejudice and early association, a minister impressed so deeply with a sense of duty as guardian of the interests and welfare of the whole people, seemed well qualified to deal with the subject of secular education in Ireland. Yet the scheme he devised was not only halting, lame, and un-

² Three thousand petitions were poured into the House of Commons against this measure.

acceptable to the very persons whom it was intended to benefit, but has ever since seriously hampered the efforts of reformers.

The model he selected was unfortunate. A system of primary education had been established in Ireland in 1831. The principle underlying that system was that secular or purely literary instruction should be divorced from religious. Spiritual pastors, or other persons empowered by parents, might after school hours instruct the children of their creed in matters of religion, but would in no case be remunerated by the State. When a child could read and write the duty of the State was done. To mould the moral nature of the future man, to instil the truths of Christianity into his youthful mind, even to let him know that he was gifted with a soul, were matters that concerned not a Government which was supposed to be founded on and guided by the purest principles of Christianity!

Owing to peculiar circumstances this system of primary education, dangerous and inefficient as it was, had succeeded. Peel imagined in consequence that a scheme of higher education, shaped in a similar fashion, would meet with similar success. Accordingly he developed his plan. Three separate Colleges were to be founded and endowed in three separate provinces. Professors were to lecture on all subjects usually included in a university curriculum. They were to be paid by the State, which retained supreme control over the entire management of the Colleges. No provision was made for the residence of students or teachers, all of whom would be obliged to seek their abodes in the adjoining towns. No minister of any religion would be appointed or paid by the State to instruct the students in the tenets of their respective creeds. In the lecture halls all subjects of religious controversy were to be carefully avoided. Religion was to be completely under ban. Permission alone would be granted to any minister to use the College rooms, after lecture hours, for the purpose of imparting religious instruction to the students of his own persuasion. His remuneration would depend on voluntary contributions, but not one penny would the State advance.

Such in brief was the scheme of Peel. To this scheme the Catholic Bishops objected. They maintained that secular should be combined with religious education; that a Catholic Chaplain should be appointed to each College, and be paid by the State; that in certain subjects the Professors should be Catholics, or that double chairs should be created; and finally that all the

office-bearers in the three Colleges should be appointed or removed, not by the Government, but by boards of trustees, of which the Catholic Bishops of each province should be members. These guarantees for the protection of the faith and morals of Catholic students were the only ones they sought, and these guarantees were refused them. Peel would not yield, and the Colleges were founded, opened, and conducted on the original plan.

The obstinacy of Peel was due either to a mistaken adherence to his model, or to the pressure of Protestant bigotry and intolerance. He may have failed to see that the case of the primary schools was by no means parallel with that of the new Colleges. The system of "combined literary and separate religious instruction," might work very well in regard to elementary schools, and yet be altogether unsuited to University Colleges. In the former the children were not removed from the control and guidance of their parents. In the former the teacher might very well be prohibited from referring to any religious subject without incurring the slightest risk of impairing the value of his instruction. There is little room for religious controversy in teaching the alphabet or the simple rules of grammar and arithmetic. Moreover, the managers—a peculiar feature apparently overlooked by the founders of the Queen's Colleges—the managers of the schools appointed and dismissed the teachers, and in Catholic districts the managers were generally the local Catholic clergy. The primary schools had in fact in 1845 become thoroughly denominational.

The case of the new Colleges was by no means similar. Catholics would be withdrawn from their parents' care, and from all the influences of home at that period of life when the fierce wild passions of youth are gathering to their strength. The parents had no guarantee that the young student would be shielded from baneful influence, or the contagion of evil company. He could not reside within the College. He should fix his abode in the adjoining town, subject to no control or guidance whatsoever. Under these conditions parents naturally refused to send their sons to the newly established Colleges. Had a Catholic chaplain been appointed, they would be confident that their children would be under watchful eyes, and they would not hesitate to entrust them to his charge.

In the lecture halls there was peril also. Many subjects in a

university course are open to a dangerous exposition by men antagonistic to the Catholic faith. Could even an average Protestant professor be trusted to deal fairly with the history of the Middle Ages, or of the Reformation? Yet a Catholic parent could feel no certainty that a Newdegate would not be the appointed teacher of his son. Metaphysics, too, and philosophy, logic, geology, and even political economy, might all be turned to poison the mind and to sap the faith of unguarded youths. True, indeed, professors were bound by statute to abstain from dangerous ground, lest they should hurt the feelings of Jew, Atheist, or Christian. In plain language they should either disobey the law, or become the expounders of emasculated subjects. If they adopted the former alternative, they were liable to dismissal; if the latter, they were of as much utility as the painted forts of the Chinese.

This difficulty would be obviated were the proposal of the Catholic Hierarchy accepted. Nothing could be more reasonable than to appoint professors whose religious convictions would be in harmony with those of the vast majority of the students. In two out of the three Colleges, Peel admitted that Catholics would be by far the most numerous.³ It seems highly unjust to refuse such a guarantee that the teacher should be of the same creed as the taught, and to let it depend on the whim of passing ministries whether or not a Bradlaugh be appointed to instruct Catholic students in philosophy and metaphysics, a follower of Darwin in natural science, and a strong Malthusian in political economy.

This was Peel's great mistake. He failed, like many other statesmen, to appreciate the depth, intensity, and force of religious convictions in Ireland. Doubtless he imagined that young Catholics, disregarding the warning of their Church, would crowd to those Colleges; that the traditional yearning after knowledge, the marked characteristic of Irish youth, would compel the Hierarchy to withdraw their opposition. To do Peel justice, however, we must remember that he was surrounded by difficulties. He might not have been able to carry through his Bill, were it weighted with very large concessions. There was still deep prejudice, forced down indeed, but not subdued or

³ "In the north," said he, "no College can possibly be established, the benefits of which will not mainly flow to the youth of the Presbyterian persuasion; in the south and west any such institutions must be practically for the benefit of the Roman Catholics."

wholly crushed, lurking in the breasts of his followers. A fierce outburst might result from provoking it too far. That he dealt so liberally with Maynooth College is proof that he was not swayed by narrow bigotry, but is no evidence that he could persuade others to adopt a measure for providing Catholic laymen with instruction in their religion. The Maynooth question stood on a different footing. That the Irish Catholics would have priests to minister to their spiritual wants was patent to every one who knew of the failure of the Penal Laws. That it was not politic that such priests should be educated in France, Spain, or Italy, was the view that recommended the proposal to the average English mind. To statesmen it may have seemed preferable that ministers of every religion should be thoroughly well educated. A spiritual pastor, sprung from the people, with feelings and sympathies in harmony with theirs, would be much more likely to be swayed, were his education deficient, by fierce commotions and agitations that from time to time might sweep through his flock, than a man whose intellect had, by the highest culture and refinement, become more capable of rising superior to petty squabbles of a moment, and of taking broader, higher, and more liberal views. But to educate Catholic ministers, and then endow them for instructing youths in the tenets of a religion which many Protestants regarded as "blasphemous and idolatrous," was more than the British nation would tolerate forty years ago, or perhaps now. Peel hinted at changes and concessions in the near future, but for the time being would not alter his scheme in the slightest.

Even apart from the question of religion, that scheme was sadly incomplete. For each of three provinces it provided a College, but the fourth, which from its wealth and population might be expected to furnish the largest contingent of University students, was left wholly destitute. There was not a single institution in all Leinster to which Catholics could resort for higher education. Why a fourth Queen's College was not established in the metropolis can only be attributed to a jealous regard for the interests of Trinity College. A popular institution in the midst of a wealthy and progressive society would become a formidable rival to the proud establishment of Elizabeth. The apprehension of such a possibility was doubtless sufficient to mar the whole plan, and to cause the educational welfare of a province to be sacrificed to the shadowy fear of a remote contingency.

The new Colleges, moreover, only faintly resembled English University Colleges. They were mere groups of lecture-halls, provided with staffs of lecturers, and furnished with educational appliances. The tutorial system, which plays so prominent a part at Oxford, Cambridge, and Dublin, was altogether absent. Only in the class-rooms did the professors meet the students, who were thus deprived of all the benefit resulting from intercourse with highly-cultivated and enlightened minds. The Colleges were at best but poor copies of German Universities, and wanted even that which constitutes the chief excellence of the latter.⁴

Such was the origin and scope of the Queen's Colleges. Very soon after their opening they were united under a new University, the Queen's, which, through want of a fitting *locus* of its own, fixed its head-quarters in Dublin Castle—a name of ill-odour in Ireland. A sum of £5,000 a year was granted to the University for the purpose of conducting the necessary examinations, and rewarding in its own way the more distinguished students. An annual sum of about £10,000 was voted to each Queen's College. The total amount—£35,000—was small indeed compared to the revenues of the great English Universities, and was less than half the income of Trinity College, Dublin. Yet inadequate as it may appear, it would have done much had its management been entrusted to the acknowledged leaders of the Irish people. But successive Ministries blindly and foolishly adhered to the original plan. For a period of thirty-two years the University and its Colleges followed the path which had been marked out by their founders. No amendment was effected to render them more acceptable to Catholics than they were at the commencement. The result has been that during those two and

⁴ "It is the abundance of supplementary professors which shows intellectual life and movement in a University; through means of their lectures a subject gets treated on all its sides, the regular professors are kept up to the mark by a competition which stimulates them, and men fitted to be, when their turn comes, regular professors, are enabled to show themselves. The extra professors and the *privat-docenten* are thus the life of the German Universities. The smaller Universities there have nearly as many regular professors as the greater. What distinguishes Berlin or Heidelberg is the multitude of able men, who, as extra-professors or as *privat-docenten*, are swelling the volume of University instruction there, and developing their own powers at the same time" (Matthew Arnold). In the smaller German Universities, which are merely independent Colleges like the Queen's in their present state, the teaching staff varies from seventy-five to a hundred. How insufficient, in comparison, are the sixteen professors, the total teaching equipment of each Queen's College, who are supposed to suffice for all instruction required in arts, law, medicine, and engineering!

thirty years the Irish Catholics were virtually excluded from the State-endowed Colleges, towards the maintenance of which they, as tax-payers of the kingdom, had contributed, and they were compelled either to forego the benefits of higher education, or to provide it at their own exclusive cost. The annual grant of £35,000 was practically monopolized by those who formed only a small fraction of the community, and who were already amply provided for.

The reports for last session confirm these statements. Belfast Queen's College is situated in a province of which Catholics constitute almost half the population.⁵ It would be reasonable to expect that half the students would be Catholics, especially as Trinity College and the English Universities attract a large portion of the non-Catholic element. Yet, though Catholics number almost half the population, they have been represented in that College, established for the benefit of all Ulster, by only five per cent. of the students.

The Queen's College at Galway is surrounded by a population almost exclusively Catholic. The non-Catholics of Connaught⁶ amount to little more than four per cent. Yet of the students who entered Galway College up to the end of last session, fifty-eight per cent. were non-Catholics. In other words, four per cent. of the population contributed many more students than the remaining ninety-six.

The College at Cork might reasonably be expected to stand in a different position. It is placed in a large and prosperous Catholic city. The President, and a considerable portion of the professors are Catholics. The misgivings that prevented parents from sending their children away from home to institutions conducted by persons of a different creed did not weigh so much in the case of Cork College as in that of Galway and Belfast.⁷ The population of Munster, moreover, is almost wholly Catholic,⁸

⁵ The census returns for 1881 give the numbers thus :

Catholics	833,566
Presbyterians	451,629
All others	457,880

In 1881 the numbers were :

Catholics	783,116
Protestant Episcopalians	32,522
All others	6,019

In Belfast there is only *one* Catholic professor ; in Galway only *two*.

The census returns for Munster, 1881, give :

Catho. cs	1,249,384
All others	81,731

and is in better circumstances than that of Connaught. Yet with all the advantages of position, surroundings, and management, it has failed in a most remarkable manner to secure a fair proportion of Catholic students. The non-Catholics of Munster amount to little more than six per cent. of the community; yet non-Catholic students at Cork College, from the day of its opening to the end of last June, have averaged more than fifty per cent. of the total. So that six per cent. of the population of the province appears to have contributed more students than the remaining ninety-four.

Can there be clearer evidence that two at least of the Queen's Colleges have not fulfilled the purpose for which they were established? They have failed completely, and, as time goes on, their failure becomes more marked and glaringly apparent. For the past five years the number of their students has been steadily decreasing.⁹

The cause of this remarkable falling-off has been ascribed chiefly to the dissolution of the Queen's University, and also to the general depression in trade and agriculture.¹⁰ Year by year one or other of the learned Presidents gravely puts forward or reiterates a statement to that effect. Year by year the wail goes up, lamenting the dissolution of the good old Queen's. Year by year the public are solemnly assured that the Colleges would now be in a most prosperous condition, were it not for the legislation of 1879. The repetition of such pleas, made by such high and interested authorities, renders necessary a careful examination of their truth, accuracy, and worth.

In the above-mentioned year, 1879, the Legislature thought fit to suppress the Queen's University, and to establish in its stead the Royal University. The Queen's was a teaching body. Its degrees were open only to students of the Queen's Colleges. The Royal is merely an Examining Board, which confers degrees on all, wherever educated, who pass the required examinations. Now wherein lies the injury done to the Queen's

⁹ The number of students attending each Queen's College since 1881 is as follows:

	Cork.	Galway.	Belfast.
1881—2	402	201	567
1882—3	348	144	502
1883—4	298	103	481
1884—5	272	100	449
1885—6	249	94	460

¹⁰ "For a diminution so large and sudden it is easy to find an adequate cause in the dissolution of the University organization of which the College formed a part" (*Report of President of Galway Queen's College, 1884*).

Colleges? Their students can still obtain degrees as cheaply as of old. Their endowments have not suffered the smallest curtailment. Their prizes, their scholarships, their whole educational machinery have not been touched. Their students can compete for all the prizes offered by the Royal, which are much greater in amount than those previously given by the Queen's.¹¹ In regard to pecuniary encouragement, the *alumni* of the Queen's Colleges are much better circumstanced under the new than under the old arrangement. The only grievance which these institutions can complain of is nothing more than a slight infringement of the monopoly of State-supported education—a monopoly which for thirty years they had enjoyed to the detriment of the community. With much more reason might Irish landowners protest against recent Land Acts that deprived them of the arbitrary power of fixing the amount of their rents. With much more justice might slave-owners complain of the compulsory liberation of their bondsmen. With much more show of common sense might farmers and agriculturists declaim against Free Trade.

The fact is that apologists of the Queen's College system, sore pressed for some plausible excuse, and unwilling to state, or blind to, the real cause, have resorted to the expedient of stating an effect for a cause. They endeavour to palm off, on careless and unreflecting observers, that the present tottering condition of the Colleges is due to wounds recently inflicted by the Legislature, while it is the result of inherent and radical weakness of constitution.

The truth is, their present collapse is owing to their great unpopularity. They never rested on any broad basis of public esteem. From their foundation they were odious to the vast majority of the people. Catholic students resorted to their halls only under peculiar conditions and, as it were, under protest. Degrees could be had only in Trinity or in the Queen's Colleges. Catholic youths had to choose between seeking them there, or going without them. The moment that the monopoly was broken down, the moment that degrees could be obtained elsewhere, immediately the number of Queen's College students began to diminish rapidly. Within five years Cork has lost about forty, Galway fifty-five per cent., and there is no indication that the decline has terminated. In marked contrast is

¹¹ The annual grant to the Queen's University was only £5,000; that of the Royal is £20,000, a great portion of which is distributed in Exhibitions, &c.

the position of Belfast. It stands in high favour with the surrounding Presbyterian population. Its halls are crowded with youths of that persuasion. It afforded a sound education in harmony with their religious convictions. Accordingly, when Cork and Galway were abandoned by great numbers of students, who sought more suitable education elsewhere, the Presbyterians still clung to their beloved Belfast. The dissolution of the Queen's University, which shook Cork and Galway to their very foundations, as the learned Presidents would have us believe, produced but slight effect on Belfast. Had the former rested, as the latter did, on a solid stratum of general confidence, favour, and esteem, they would have suffered as little as the latter did by the rise or fall of a University. It was no sudden shock that reduced Cork and Galway to their present sad condition. It was the fault of their construction, a mistake of their architects. They were built on sand, that pressure only kept together. When the pressure was removed, the edifice crumbled to decay.

It is sometimes asserted also that the present depression in trade and agriculture has deeply affected these Colleges. If that were so, it is clear that other Colleges must have suffered much more severely. In the one case Presidents, Professors, and every official are salaried by the State. Considerable sums of money are distributed among the students in scholarships and prizes. A successful student could thereby obtain a large portion of the cost of his maintenance. But in the case of private institutions, every official, from the president to the porter at the gate, has to be paid out of the students' fees, which should in consequence be very large. No prizes of any worth can be afforded. Parents are therefore obliged to pay a much greater amount for a son educated, let us say, at Clongowes, Blackrock, or University College, than if he attended one of the Queen's Colleges. When depression in trade or agriculture comes, limiting credit and straitening resources many, who in time of general prosperity, would receive an expensive education, are now debarred by the *res augusta domi*. University College is out of question. But close at hand are the Queen's Colleges where education can be had on easy terms. The temptation is great. Natural ambition and hopeful confidence urge parents and youths to decide in favour of the Queen's.

It is evident, therefore, that the natural effect of commercial

depression is to empty the unendowed institutions and to fill the halls of the Queen's Colleges. The latter should be flourishing and the former deserted. But the very reverse is the case. Instead of being empty, impoverished, and bankrupt, such unaided institutions as University, Blackrock, Clongowes, and Carlow Colleges are in a most prosperous condition, whilst the falling-off in the number of Queen's College students is measured, not by tens or dozens, but by hundreds.

Surely it is time that a remedy for this anomalous state of things be devised. At present higher education is in a most deplorable condition. To such a degree of chaos has it been reduced by the fitful attempts of legislators, that we have now the curious spectacle of a University in search of Colleges, and of Colleges in search of a University; of institutions, amply endowed by the State, equipped with all educational appliances, and provided with staffs of most able and experienced professors, yet avoided as plague-spots by the very people for whose benefit they are maintained, and left to moulder, like monuments of folly, in silent decay; of other institutions, unaided by public or private endowments, poorly provided in all that constitutes the grandeur and attraction of their rivals, yet crowded and flourishing, honoured and esteemed of the people. No one can say that this is an exaggerated picture. There never was a time during the last forty years when higher education was in a more critical and dangerous position than at present. The evils that vitiate the present system, or rather want of system, tend, if not speedily removed, to become permanent. In the first place, to mention only a few of the more imminent dangers, University education runs a risk of degenerating into superficiality and cram. The prizes and honours of the Royal University are so eagerly competed for by students from unendowed establishments, that there are strong inducements to hasty and inefficient instruction. We must remember that many such Colleges have a reputation to make, or a disputed supremacy to maintain. They compete as sharply among themselves for the honour of priority as their students do for the prizes of the Royal. Again, many institutions, which lately were secondary schools, send youths to the grand arena. No harm, you may say, in all that. But there is much. To train and prepare a dozen of students for all University Examinations requires a large and able staff of professors and other expensive equipment. The Colleges, being poor and un-

endowed, cannot afford such large outlay. They are in fact provided with few of the appliances necessary to proper academic education; with small and scanty libraries, with trifling collections dignified with the name of museums, with inefficient laboratories, and, worst of all, many of them cannot afford to pay teachers of sufficient ability and attainments. From the very circumstances of the case it cannot be otherwise. Private institutions cannot spring into existence, surrounded with all accessories that length of time and great expenditure can procure; nor are men of deep learning and ability, such as would be capable of conducting University classes, usually found in small seminaries. Neither will they be attracted by the petty remuneration afforded by ordinary Colleges. Catholic youths are thus exposed to the evils of inefficient instruction, supplemented too frequently by equally inefficient cram.

While the Catholic institutions are thus struggling with narrow means and limited resources, while in the grand arena of the Royal University their students carry off the lion's share of prizes, honours, and emoluments from the *alumni* of the State-endowed Colleges, the equipments¹² of the latter are practically unutilized. In Galway College during last session only fifteen students attended lectures in Greek, two in Metaphysics, none in Modern History, two in Political Economy, three in Medicine, and one in Medical Jurisprudence, for whose sole benefit thirty-three lectures were delivered. Cork College had even a worse record. There were but thirteen students of Greek, eleven of Latin, four of German and Italian, two of Metaphysics, two of Modern History, and five of Political Economy.

The cost of each student of these subjects, if we regard only the salaries of professors, and leave altogether aside the expense of libraries, museums, and such accessories, is undoubtedly excessive, especially in the case of a country, poor and impoverished as Ireland is. When the State pays over £50 for each student who attends during a single session lectures on

¹² We may judge how much of the public funds have been expended in perfecting the educational apparatus of the Queen's Colleges during the last six and thirty years, by regarding a few items in the financial account of Galway College for last year:

Expenditure on Library	£458 5 4
Diagrams, Materials for Laboratory, &c.	240 15 6
Museum of Natural History	131 12 11
Museum of Medical Sciences	101 19 10
Botanic Garden and Grounds	203 9 2

Greek and Latin,¹³ it is certainly time to change the system, under which the national resources are expended in so lavish and unproductive a manner. Yet the change must be wrought, not in a spirit of vandalism; not by revelling in destruction; not by closing up the Colleges and pensioning off the officials; but by improving, reforming, and extending; by introducing a radical change in the management; by harmonizing the system of instruction with the religious convictions of the people; by transforming the Colleges from so many causes of stagnation, waste, and irritation into so many centres of light and learning, into so many agents of national advancement to power, honour, and distinction.

But how effect all this? Several solutions have been proposed, some of which are worthless, and most of which are insufficient. First of all comes the suggestion that in addition to the two existing Universities a third or even a fourth be established. The President of Belfast Queen's College declares that "the time must surely soon come when it will be no longer necessary for a body of from three hundred to four hundred young men to travel year after year to Dublin for their University examinations." He means doubtless that Belfast College should be chartered as a University. And why? That a few students may escape the expense of travelling to Dublin!¹⁴ With equal or greater force may any seminary in Galway, Cork, or Kerry demand a charter and power to confer degrees. They are all farther from Dublin than Belfast is. It is a feeble plea, unworthy of consideration, as is thus stated, but it means or involves the assertion that the greater be the number of Universities, the more the country will be benefited. Of course it would be absurd to assume that twenty, fifty, a hundred, or a thousand Universities would be better than three or four. But it is openly advocated by high authorities that four or five would be better in Ireland than one or two.

A multiplicity of Universities may under certain circum-

¹³ The salaries paid by the State to professors at the Queen's Colleges range thus:

Professor of Greek	£322
„ Latin	322
„ History and English Literature	322
„ Modern Languages	212

Thus each student of Greek and Latin at Cork costs the country £54 a year, exclusive of the expenditure on libraries, museums, &c., incurred for his benefit.

¹⁴ The ordinary matriculation, First University, and Second University Examinations in Arts, are held at local centres throughout the country.

stances work fairly well. When they are the growth of centuries, and date from the remote past, each surrounded by its own halo of glorious and venerable traditions and associations, men shrink with horror from the idea of their destruction. Each, too, may have embodied in itself some peculiar feature, something wanting to the others, something that will attract admiring students. Germany is proud of its twenty-one Universities, all of which are thronged with students of the Fatherland. Italy has an equal number with a much smaller population. Some of them are almost deserted, and in many the number of professors is little less than that of the students. Here the mischief is apparent. There is great waste of teaching power, and great waste of money in maintaining such institutions. There is, moreover, great depreciation of academic degrees and honours. The effect of multiplying Universities is to lower in public estimation the degrees and distinctions of the less prosperous, just as the competition of medical schools lowered the value of certain medical diplomas. People's attention is fixed on a few great Universities—on one or two—and all else is regarded as something approaching, but by no means equal to, the grand ideal. A degree of Rostock University hardly equals a degree of Heidelberg, and Sassari lingers behind Macerata. It is not the parchment, nor even the ability of the recipient, that constitutes the value of a degree. It is simply and solely the estimation in which it is held by the public. A B.A. of Durham or Victoria may be abler and more learned than a B.A. of Oxford or Cambridge; yet the latter would, in almost every case where the test is academic rank, be preferred.

To create a number of Universities in Ireland would be unfair and hardly expedient. It would be simply condemning large numbers of students to enforced inferiority. For many generations Belfast, Cork, or Galway, or any other provincial College, were they chartered as Universities, would lag behind the University of Dublin. The latter is rich in wealth, in prestige, in traditions, and no new institution can for centuries come near it in the race.

And now we are led to the second solution, which is that there should be only one University in Ireland with Colleges scattered throughout the provinces. The University of Dublin should alone remain. It should embrace not only Trinity College, but the Queen's, and all others that the Legislature may think fit to endow. The management of two at least of

the Queen's Colleges should be vested in the Catholic members of the future University Board. A number of Catholic Colleges should also be endowed and placed in that respect on an equal footing with the Queen's.

Such is a brief and meagre outline of the second and more acceptable scheme. Much will indeed depend on the manner in which it is carried out; on the way in which the revenues of Trinity College are treated, and on the liberality shown to Catholic institutions. One thing, however, is absolutely essential in any solution of the question that aims at finality. There must be denominational education. Religion and education must be united. The principle is already conceded. The virtual endowment of University College shows that the Legislature is no longer averse to its adoption. To refuse to proceed further would be evidence of a bigotry and intolerance unworthy of a civilized people. If the policy of Germany be contrasted with that of England, it will appear much more liberal. In both nations the Protestant element is predominant, and in both until recently a marked feature has been hostility to Catholic aspirations. Here, however, the similarity ends. In Germany the Catholic Church is State-supported and State-endowed. There are four State-aided Catholic Universities, and three others in which there are double Chairs in Philosophy and Theology, all State-endowed. In the United Kingdom the Catholic Church does not receive one farthing from the State, and there exists no Catholic University, and in theory at least no Catholic State-endowed College. So much for English liberalism.

"But," exclaim the opponents of such measures, "we cannot understand why Catholics object to mixed education." Protestants are equally opposed to mixed education, unless they have several guarantees that the religion of pupils will not be influenced. In schools where the governing and teaching bodies are Protestant they wonder why Catholic children are withheld. Let the case be reversed, let the governing and teaching bodies be Catholic, how many Protestant parents would send their children there? It is hardly fair to claim a right of choice oneself and to deny it to all others.¹⁵ They who are so jealous in

¹⁵ "Most English Liberals," says Mr. Matthew Arnold, "seem persuaded that our elementary schools should be undenominational, and their teaching secular; and that with a public elementary school it cannot well be otherwise. Let them clearly understand, however, that on the Continent generally, everywhere except in Holland, the public elementary school is denominational, and its teaching religious as well as secular."

guarding their own creed should not be surprised that others are equally careful of theirs. Until religion be degraded to a mockery and a sham, until belief in its worth have altogether vanished, until a generation of avowed and acknowledged atheists have swept away all traces of Christianity and all worship of a God-head, men will prefer to have their children educated in the tenets of that faith in which they believe and trust. That is the one grand principle which Catholics everywhere have striven to enforce. That is the one principle which must be granted in dealing with future educational amendments in Ireland. Without conceding it all attempts will result in failure and discontent. The present Government, it is stated, have devised a new educational scheme. If so, they may do well in avoiding the hasty and half-hearted policy which they adopted seven years ago, and boldly and generously admit the principle which they tacitly allowed to be then carried into effect.

EUGENE LEYLE.

Spring.

SOFTLY sighs the breath of springtide,
Sweetly sing the birds their ditties,
And the voices of the streamlets
Music make in all the woodlands.
Rosy buds gem all the hedgerows,
Thousand blooms star all the meadows,
Reeds and ferns shade every brooklet,
While sweet eglantine and brier
Cast their fragrance on the breezes.
Shadows from the lofty lindens
Dance and flicker on the roadways.
Azure haze on all the mountains—
Here and there a purple inlet
Where the pines an arm stretch upward,
Or a blue rift, where a torrent
Leaping down, has forced a passage.
Rest and calm and peace of Heaven
Seem to brood o'er every valley,
Where the curling smoke mounts upward
From the farmers' humble homesteads.
High in air a lark is singing,
Flooding all the sky with music,
Show'ring down sweet notes of gladness
Over all the lovely landscape ;

And from out my heart responsive
Wells a song as sweet and plaintive
As the song the lark is singing,—
Sings my heart the Spring undying
Sings the blooms that are immortal,
Sings the radiance and the splendour
Knowing nor decrease nor changing,—
Sings the shady groves and fountains,
And the swards besown with lilies,
Where the forms of the beloved,
Free from pain and care and sorrow,
Slowly pace in sweetest converse ;—
Lifting upward eyes of wonder
To the Vision Beatific,
To the throne of Blessèd Mary,
To the Choirs of holy Angels,—
On each other gaze, transformèd
From the dross of earthly nature,
Changed in form and every feature,
Glowing with celestial beauty,—
Holiness in all their bearing,
Holiness in word and action,
And God's holy Name engraven,
Flashing bright, upon their foreheads.

So my heart, high hope conceiving,
Strengthen'd with the heavenly vision,
Bears with fortitude and meekness
All the crosses, labours, suff'rings,
All the pains and disappointments,
All the slights and all the woundings,
Cruel wrongs, and all injustice
Which befall us in the valley
Where our journey is accomplished.

Courage, heart, the day is ending !
Courage, soul, the night star-crownèd,
Breathing balmy sweets and odours,
Fraught with rest and benediction,
Cometh upward from the East land.
Bide awhile within her keeping,
Till the Day-star pierce the morning,—
Till the Lord of Glory cometh
Through the golden gates of dawning,
Cometh with His Saints attended,
Wakes from sleep the well belovèd,
Gives them light and peace unending.

The English Martyrs, known and unknown.

SINCE the article was written which we published in our January number, in which we spoke of the work of the Congregation of Sacred Rites at its meeting on the 4th of December, the Holy See has performed two important acts which constitute stages on the way to the canonization of our Martyrs. What we have been waiting for, working for, praying for, for years, has, thank God, come at last, and it will soon be time to be looking forward to, and preparing for, the next stage. Not quite yet, however, for the last is not perfectly complete. We have the Decree of the 29th of December last, "published on the Feast of St. Thomas of Canterbury the Martyr, whose faith and constancy these Blessed Martyrs have so bravely imitated;" which Decree, declaring that the honours due to the Blessed might be paid to fifty-four of our Martyrs, has been published by all our Bishops, amidst universal thanksgiving. And we have the further step taken by the Holy See, prior in actual date, though later in publication, the Decree declaring that the Commission for the Introduction of the Cause of two hundred and sixty-one other Martyrs was, on the 9th of December, duly signed by Pope Leo the Thirteenth with his own hand, thereby constituting them Venerable Servants of God. The new Decree prints all the names in full, and considering the ordinary fate of English names when printed abroad, it must be taken as a singular proof of care and pains that they have all been printed accurately. These two Pontifical acts are but the carrying out by the Sovereign Pontiff of the resolutions of the Particular Congregation of Rites, which, as we have said, was held on the 4th of December. And forty-four cases remain over for decision, which were then postponed in order that, if possible, further evidence might be adduced.

Two things have now to be done. One is to re-propose the forty-four who have been for the time set aside; the other

is to petition that the three Benedictine Abbots of Colchester, Glastonbury, and Reading may be admitted to the benefit of the concession of Pope Gregory the Thirteenth. These three Abbots all appear in the list of the Venerables recently signed by the Pope. The name of John Beche, Abbot of Colchester, was not included in the list of the Martyrs in whose behalf the Ordinary Process by the Archbishop of Westminster was compiled, but it has happily been inserted in Rome. We must hope that the identification of the three Abbots of Pope Gregory's picture with these three that have been named, may appear sufficiently certain to the high Official, on whose judgment the point practically depends. If the Promotor of the Faith is convinced of this identity, a supplementary Decree will transfer the three Abbots from the list of the Venerable Servants of God to that of the Blessed. Their case is a striking example of the prudence and caution of Rome. The Promotor of the Faith did not feel a moral certainty that these three Abbots were those represented in the picture, as he felt certain of the identity of the Carthusians, and thus they were not included in the first Decree. It was a still greater mark of caution that the following sentence was erased from the draught of the Decree. "Besides these, others are collectively shown in these pictures, amongst whom are three Abbots of the Order of St. Benedict, and many others who are said to have met their death for the same cause by their sufferings from the foulness of the prison or from many other kinds of torment." The Decree as it was originally issued contained this sentence, but it was recalled after a certain number of copies had been posted up in Rome, and then it was re-issued with this omission.

Leaving now all anticipations of the future, let us turn to what has been done, and analyze the lists of Martyrs before us. In the Ordinary Process there were 353 names. Of these one has been withdrawn, that of John Weldon, as probably identical with John Hewitt. The danger of presenting the same man twice has thus been avoided, and the number sent up becomes 352. To this we are to add 7 additional names taken by the Promotor of the Faith from the pictures of the English College, and the total number of Martyrs dealt with becomes 359. Of these 54 are blessed, 261 Venerable, and 44 postponed.

The Blessed and Venerable Martyrs together are 315 in number, and the analysis of the number gives us the following table. The qualifications are taken from the official lists.

	<i>Under Henry VIII.</i>		<i>In subsequent reigns.</i>		Totals.
	Blessed.	Venerable.	Blessed.	Venerable.	
Cardinal	1	—	—	—	1
Archbishop	—	—	—	1	1
Priests	5	6	18	126	155
Carthusians	18	—	—	—	18
Bridgettine	1	—	—	—	1
Benedictines	—	5	—	8	13
Augustinian	1	—	—	—	1
Franciscans	1	4	—	9	14
Jesuits	—	—	3	27	30
Knights of St. John	—	3	—	—	3
Laymen & women	3	2	3	70	78
Totals	30	20	24	241	315

The forty-four, whose fate is in suspense, consist of 18 priests, 9 Jesuits, 6 Benedictines, and 11 lay persons.

It may now be interesting for us to look to the Colleges from which they came, and see how many Martyrs are to be assigned to each College. And first of all, to turn to the Secular College of Douay, the venerable mother of the Seminaries, itself the first Seminary founded in accordance with the desire of the Council of Trent. It may lay claim to have had no less than 168 Martyrs amongst its sons. The writers of the Douay Diary, in their modesty, do not seem to lay claim to half this number; but this is because they have not counted amongst the Douay Martyrs those who, after having been students of Douay for a certain time, left it or were sent elsewhere, and thus were claimed as the Martyrs of some Religious Order or of some other College. But this is not being just or fair to themselves and to their Alma Mater. Douay supplied Rome splendidly with students at the first beginnings of the English College there, and later on it sent the first students to Valladolid, and Valladolid sent some of them in turn to be the first stones of the still newer foundation at Seville; but why should not each College claim its own, and what is to prevent a Martyr from figuring in the lists of more Colleges than one? The Ven. Mark Barkworth, for example, is rightly counted by the Benedictines as one of their Martyrs; but he had previously been a student at Douay, at Valladolid and at Seville successively, and we will count him as a Martyr

belonging to each of those Colleges. Thus Blessed Edmund Campion is reckoned as one of the Martyrs of Douay as well as of the Society of Jesus, of which he is the pride. Indeed amongst those whom we reckon as Douay Martyrs, there are nine Jesuits, four Benedictines, and two Franciscans.

Of the 168 Douay Martyrs, 20 are amongst the Blessed, 134 are Venerable, and 14 among those whose cases are postponed. Of the 24 Blessed Martyrs who suffered under Elizabeth, all but 4 were students of Douay. Blessed Woodhouse and Blessed Plumtree were ordained priests in Queen Mary's time, and Blessed John Storey and Blessed John Felton did not study in the College; but 16 priests, the 3 Jesuits, and even one layman, Blessed Thomas Sherwood, who was still but a boy when he was martyred, had all been, at one time or other, sons of Cardinal Allen's grand College at Douay. Blessed Cuthbert Mayne is their Protomartyr, and of all the martyred students of any of the Pontifical English Seminaries.

It is not easy to settle the list of the Martyrs that belong to the venerable English College at Rome. The *liber rubens*, or original catalogue of the students of the College, names forty-two Martyrs, and in accordance with this Brother Foley's list¹ is drawn up. Of these forty-two, two are not in the Process, Roche Chaplain² and John Brushford; four are amongst those who are postponed, James Lomax, Martin Sherson, John Harrison, and Edward Turner, S.J.; three are Blessed, Ralph Sherwin, the Protomartyr of the College, Luke Kirby, and William Hart; and thirty-three are Venerables.

If a memory which has not been refreshed for more than thirty years be correct, there is an inscription in one of the corridors of the College, saying that forty-four of its students have suffered martyrdom. To make up this number, we must add several who are asserted on various grounds to have been students in the College, though their names are not found in the College Catalogue. Father Christopher Grene, who was Confessor of the English College two hundred years ago, in his notes on the Martyrs, fights vigorously for several. Thus of Ven. John Munden, he says that in the Italian History of the

¹ *Records*, vol. vi. p. 125.

² In one or two lists of Martyrs, written in the middle of the seventeenth century, Roche Chaplain, the brother of William, who died in prison, is said to have been "hanged and disembowelled." This seems to be a mistake.

Martyrdom of eighteen Priests, which was printed in Macerata in 1585, he is said to have been a student of the English College, and Father Grene adds that "his name not appearing in the red book amongst those of the other scholars is no disproof of this, for this might have happened through the forgetfulness of Father Minister, as has often happened when one was but a few months in the College, or did not take the College oath: and this seems very likely to have been the case with our martyr [John Munden], for Alan in his letter to Agazzari of August 11, 1581 (he himself came to the College on the 9th of October), commends him, and says that he had been for some time a convictor at Rheims." However, Father Grene quotes from Munden's examination the martyr's own statement that he lived in Rome and received Sacred Orders there, but not in the English College. To this Father Grene originally added, "contrary to that which is said above," but he afterwards erased this, and interlined instead, "but yet he might then have been a student [of the College]." Munden left Rheims for Rome, August 12, 1581, and returned a priest July 13, 1582.

Of Blessed William Lacy the same Macerata book says that he made the spiritual exercises in the English College, and then was ordained priest. Father Grene asks the question, "Was he a student of the College?" and then quotes Dr. Worthington's Douay Catalogue of Martyrs of 1614, "in which he is said to have been a priest of this College." Dr. Worthington should have said that he was a Roman priest, for if he had been a student of the College, his name would have been so distinguished at the foot of the famous pictures, in which the four Beati of the College are distinctly called its students. Lacy's martyrdom is recorded in the Douay Diary as that of "one of our priests," yet he arrived there June 22, 1580, and left for Pont à Mousson on the 23rd of September.

Blessed Laurence Richardson is said in the red book to have lived for some time in the College, but Father Grene says that it must have been only as convictor or guest, and he thinks it too probable that he was not a student of the College, for Bartoli declares that he had been in England eight months before the date fixed in his indictment for his conspiracy against the Queen at Rome and Rheims. Indeed at that time he was in an English prison. He was ordained priest at Douay, March 23, 1577, and he was sent to England in the July of that year. Dr. Bridgewater says that his proper name was Johnson.

There are much better grounds for reckoning Blessed John Shert as a student of the English College. In a document from the College Archives printed in the Appendix to the Douay Diary, he is said to have been the first student of the Roman Seminary who entered England. And Father Grene notes that though his name is not in the College Catalogue, it is given in their Annals with that of Blessed Luke Kirby. The Douay Catalogue of 1614 further says that he was ordained priest in the College at Rome. And finally, the pictures of 1583 call him a student of the College, so that it is clear that this Blessed Martyr should be added to the College list.

Father Grene makes a bid for Blessed Thomas Cottam as a College Martyr, from his being said somewhere to have been "sent" to Rome. If so, he says, he was sent by Allen, and that would not be straight to the Noviceship. However, the Douay Diary does not say that he was "sent," but that on February 16, 1579, "there went to Rome from our Seminary, partly for devotion and partly for studies, Cottam, Bishop, Hart," &c. We know from Father More that Blessed Thomas Cottam entered the Novitiate on April 8, 1579, and it was thence that he was sent to Lyons on his way to England. We know further that the German College in Rome claims him as having lived there, so that it is clear that there is no time unaccounted for, during which he could by any possibility have been in the English College. His name does not even appear in the Pilgrim Book as lodging in the College.

With regard to the Venerable Francis Page, S.J., Father Grene quotes a document existing in his time in the Archives of the English College, in the handwriting of Father Persons, "who makes him a student of this College, and his authority in my judgment far outweighs all arguments to the contrary." As this document is not forthcoming, we cannot see whether its words bear out Father Grene's assertion, but it is singular that Father Bartoli and Father More make no mention of Father Page having been at Rome. It is certain from the Douay Diary that he was ordained priest in that College, and not in Rome, on April 1, 1600, and thence Challoner says he was sent on the English Mission on the 10th of June in that year.

Brian Cansfield, S.J., is on the College Catalogue, but he is not there marked as one of the Martyrs. He is, however, included in the list of the Venerables, so that the College may

claim him as a Martyr; and place his name on their glorious roll. He died of the hardships he had received, soon after his discharge from York Castle, August 3, 1643.

There is one more who rightfully may be claimed by the English College at Rome as one of its martyrs. The Venerable Father Robert Southwell was indeed a member of the College, which may well be proud of his name, but he was never a student in the College, and so he cannot be counted amongst its martyred *alumni*. He was its Prefect of Studies.

If we turn from the College of "St. Thomas of the English" at Rome to St. Alban's, Valladolid, we shall have less trouble in making up its list of Martyrs. Its Students' Register dates from the commencement of the College in 1589. Its Protomartyr is not mentioned by Challoner as having been at Valladolid at all, but only at Seville, of which College he is also called the Protomartyr in the Valladolid Register. This is Thomas Hunt, or as he was called at College, Bensted, who entered Valladolid May 12, 1592, was sent in the November of that year to Seville, and was crowned with martyrdom at Lincoln in July, 1600.

Including the Venerable Thomas Hunt, St. Alban's College claims in all twenty Martyrs amongst its students, but of these two are not included in our Process. The entry of the first of these is in very curious terms. "William Anderson came in 1632 and took the oath on the feast of St. Alban, 1633. He was one of the chief movers of disturbances for which nearly all were sent away before their time. He was made priest and sent to England in 1637, where he gave great proof of constancy and charity. He died in prison in London, after service rendered to the plague-stricken."

The other whose name is not in our English Process, is Thomas Montford, or more properly Downs, who in the autumn of 1637 left the College and returned into Belgium with Father George Maurice in order to enter the Society. "He was crowned with martyrdom," says the College Register, "that is, he died of hardships in prison for the faith, and was found after death kneeling, like one in prayer, truly a Martyr-Confessor."

In the place of these two, we may give the College two others on the authority of Bishop Challoner, who says that Father Edward Barlow, O.S.B., and Thomas Blount, a secular priest who died in prison, were educated at Valladolid. The former is on the list of Venerables, the latter of the postponed

cases. There is also the Venerable William Scot, O.S.B., of whom Challoner says that he was at one of the Spanish Seminaries, probably that of Valladolid. Lastly, the place held at the English College, at Rome, by the Venerable Robert Southwell, may well be taken here by the Venerable Henry Walpole, who was Minister of the College. His picture, and those of many of the Martyrs, are still to be seen at St. Alban's College.

We cannot ascertain that there were more than four students of Seville College martyred, and of these Thomas Hunt, William Richardson, and Ralph Corby were at Valladolid as well. The fourth is Robert Middleton. These are now all Venerable servants of God.

We have the Martyrs of St. Omer's College still remaining for mention. The Secular College of Douay is represented in that famous town by the Benedictine College of St. Edmund, and by right of succession in England by St. Edmund's College, Ware, and St. Cuthbert's College, Ushaw. They will all be proud of the Douay Martyrs. The English College at Rome (the *Venerabile* its sons affectionately call it) lives and flourishes at head-quarters, and continues the honour to the Martyrs to which we owe the Decree that confirms the veneration paid to them there. And St. Omers still exists in Stonyhurst College. Its Martyrs seem to be sixteen in number, of whom the Venerable Thomas Garnet, himself the first novice of the English Jesuit Noviciate, is the Protomartyr. The Venerable Henry Walpole stayed a short time in this College also.

We may now end our inquiry respecting the Colleges, and devote the remainder of the space at our disposal to the mention of some martyrs of whom too little is known for them to be included in the Process. We may treat them in two classes: first, those whose names we know, and of whom we want further knowledge; and secondly, those of whom we know some facts, though the martyr's name has not come down to us.

Of the first class, we have the following:

1. In the Grand Séminaire at Bruges there is a picture of a monk of the ancient abbey of Dunes near Furnes. The rope is depicted round his neck, and the knife in his breast; and the inscription at the foot of the picture, which calls him Blessed Thomas Gabyt, says that he was "the Procurator of the monastery at the Court of the King of England, and was there hanged on the 13th of May, 1575." It is needless to say that in 1575

there was no King of England, and Elizabeth was in the seventeenth year of her reign. The word "king" must therefore be used generically for the Court, though what the abbey procurator had to do with the Court is not clear. The Chronicle of Our Lady of Dunes says that in 1567 he was professed by Peter Hellinck, the thirty-fifth abbot, and that he was an English monk, who had been driven into exile by Henry the Eighth. Soon after his profession, he was sent into England, and made Vicar of Eastchurch in the Isle of Sheppey, which church had been given to the abbey of Dunes, in 1191, by our Richard Cœur de Lion, because the abbot of Dunes had helped to deliver the King from his prison in Austria. Of the martyrdom of "Blessed" Thomas Gabyt, in 1575, we have as yet come across no trace in England. The Chronicle of the Abbey, published at Brussels, in 1660, by Charles Devisch, says, that "his pictures were everywhere to be seen," which makes it probable that the Martyr was once much honoured in Flanders.

2. Dr. Worthington, in his Catalogue, mentions: "N. Hamilton, a Queen Mary priest, who was put to death at Lincoln, in 1585, for using his priestly office in reconciling penitents, and for denying the supremacy of the Queen."

3. In a little box, kept in the sacristy at Stonyhurst, there were found to be, under a tray which had probably not been moved for many years, many small relics taken from the Jesuit novitiate at Watten, and accompanied by an attestation of Father Harrison, the sacristan, that they were relics of the English Martyrs whose names were written on the papers containing them. One of these was a small piece of linen, and the inscription was "Dom. Martini passi Nordovici." Who was this "Mr. Martin," or perhaps, "Dom Martin, O.S.B.," who was martyred at Norwich?

4. There was a priest of the name of Holden, whose head and vestments were long retained in the house of a family of the same name, in the neighbourhood of Stonyhurst, where tradition strongly asserted that he had been killed whilst saying Mass. The relics have now passed into other hands. Any information respecting them or the Martyr would be very acceptable.

5. The Augustinian Order claims four English Martyrs, but the corruption of their names in the Menologies of the Order is such that we ought to class them rather with martyrs whose names are unknown.

(a) Maigret, in his *Martyrographia Augustiniana*, published at Liège, in 1620, says that two English Hermits of the Order of St. Augustine were martyred in March, 1537. One was an old man of great sanctity, whose name has not come down to us; and the other, a young man of two and twenty, of the knightly family of Rosa Alba, descended from royalty, as Maigret says he was informed by Good, an English Canon of St. Mary's, Tournay.

(b) In June, 1544, Martin de Coudres and Paul of Saint William, both of them also of royal descent, were beheaded for their faith by Henry the Eighth, and their pictures were circulated, with the inscription, "B. Martinus de Coudres et Paulus de S. Gulielmo, ambo ex sanguine regio nati," &c.

(c) Christopher Diken, a native of London, went to Salamanca to study theology when thirty years of age, was ordained priest, returned to England, and worked there as a missionary, was sent into exile again and again, and at last, after hiding for six months in the house of his kinsman, Christopher Constable, in London, was taken by the treachery of a servant, and finally martyred in London in the month of November, 1616. Surely there are indications enough here for the recognition of this Augustinian Martyr, and yet we cannot identify him with any one whom we know.

If to these we were to add the Martyrs who died in prison, the number might be increased almost indefinitely. We will content ourselves with extracts from one of Father Christopher Grene's note-books:³

In Worcester two old reverend priests; the one of them so terrified at his apprehension that he lost the use of his memory until a little before his death, when it was restored. He and the other there happily changed this life.

Two gentlemen there dead also in the gaol: Mr. William Bredstocke and Mr. William Heath. This Heath was nephew to Mr. Dr. Heath, Archbishop of York and Chancellor of England. These gentlemen had endured much in prison, having continued there three or four years, and all they had taken from them.

Mr. Green and Thomas Lynch dead in Sarum.

1586. Robert Holland, gentleman, aged 48, in June; Gabriel

³ *Collectanea E.*, now in the possession of St. Mary's College, Oscott. Fuller accounts, some very beautiful, of deaths in prison, taken from Father Grene's *F.*, which is in the English College at Rome, are printed in Brother Foley's *Records*, vol. iii. pp. 214, 731.

Empringham, gentleman, aged 20, in September; Peter Lawson, gentleman, aged 48, in September; Edmund Sexton, gentleman, aged 60, in October; Henry Riston, gentleman, aged 36, in November; and Richard Weston, aged 30; all prisoners in the Marshalsea for their conscience, there died.

Mrs. Philip Lowe, before condemned as a felon for receiving priests, having for many years endured much vexation both in prison and abroad, aged 50, in April, 1588, died in the White Lion.

In Caernarvonshire, William Griffiths, a schoolmaster, upon the uproar at the death of the Queen of Scots, committed by his keeper to the dungeon in great misery, removed thence a fortnight after, as soon as he came into the fresh air, died.

June 15, 1590. Mrs. Ursula Forster died in Shrewsbury Gaol, having there worn irons, very much misused by the Keeper, and not an hour before her death threatened with the dungeon.

John Thomas, sometime Bishop Goldwell's man, died in the Counter. Edward Ellis, a gentleman, falling sick in the Fleet, where he was committed for conscience, removed by suit to a friend's house in the city, there died presently. David Gwynne in the Counter, by the infection of the prison.

Such specimens, taken from a single list, show how much might be done to supplement the very imperfect catalogues of those who lost their lives through their imprisonment for their religion. But though all record of them should be carefully preserved, for they deserve all honour at our hands, yet it is not probable that many of them will be added to the roll of the Martyrs who are declared Venerable by the Church. We have yet to see the issue of the re-examination of the case of those who have been delayed for want of evidence. With three exceptions, the forty-four *dilati* died in prison, and the want of evidence consists mainly in this, that the Promotor of the Faith does not see in these cases that it has been proved that the deaths of those confessors who died in prison, were really caused by the hardships of the prison. When so many have been postponed on this account, it can hardly be worth while to multiply precisely similar cases.

It yet remains for us to give one or two instances of undoubted martyrdoms, where we are unfortunately in ignorance of the name of the martyr.

In a letter from Father Garnet to the General of the Society, dated March $\frac{17}{27}$, 1593, two martyrs are mentioned whose names are not known. After speaking of the Ven. Thomas Pormort, who suffered at St. Paul's Churchyard, February 20, 1591, he

says that he was followed by Mr. William, one of the old priests of Catholic times, whom, nevertheless, they condemned to death because he left Calvinism, in which he had been acting as a minister, and had joined the Catholic Church, and obtained a dispensation from bigamy which he had contracted. We probably owe our ignorance of the martyr's surname to the usage which was dying out, but had not yet quite gone, of calling the old Queen Mary priests by their Christian names, with the old prefix of Sir; as in Italy to this day the priest is called Don. This old priest will have been known as Sir William.

In the same letter Father Garnet gives an account of the Ven. James Bird, a layman, who suffered at Winchester on Lady Day, 1593. The description he gives of his trial is noteworthy. Judge Anderson's summing up to the jury was pithy, and pretty sure to bring a conviction:

Here you have James Bird, a recusant. You know what a recusant is. A recusant refuses to go to church. No one refuses to go to church unless he has been reconciled to the Roman Church. To be reconciled to the Roman Church is treason, so you know what you have to do.

The Act of Parliament fined the poor recusant for not going to church, but Judge Anderson very ingeniously hanged him instead.

Father Garnet continues:

They martyred another layman there in the month of August. In the Lent Assizes he was sentenced at the same time as James for the same cause, but struck with horror at the sentence of death, he promised the Judge that he would go to church. The Judge could not recall the sentence he had given, but he ordered him not to be executed, so that he might get for him the Queen's pardon. He going back to prison, and thinking of what he had done, helped probably by James Bird's exhortations, conquered the fear of death by the fear of Hell, and sent at once to the Judges, as they were leaving the town, to tell them that he repented of his cowardice, and firmly resolved to do nothing that a Catholic ought not to do. The Judges said: "Is he in such a hurry for the gallows? Let him not be afraid: if he persists, it will not be too late to hang him next assizes." Yet when the thieves were led out to execution, he went too, carrying a winding-sheet, and presented himself to the Sheriff, who asked him what he wanted. He said he had been condemned, and was come to die. "If you want to be hanged," said the Sheriff, "know that I would meet your wishes with the greatest

pleasure if you were on my list, but as you are not written there, you must go." So he retired, lamenting his sin and accusing himself of his past life, for he had been a reader in the Calvinist ministry. But God did not fail him, for purged by long penance, with a large increase of merits, in the month of August he obtained what he desired.

We take in conclusion two more cases from the Oscott MS. volume, by Father Grene, from which we have already drawn freely. Both belong to the year 1589 :

At Gloucester was arraigned, condemned, and executed, a poor man, by occupation a glover, for persuading some of his kin to the Catholic religion. One only was witness against him, and he had before imprisoned his own wife for her conscience, and he was so indebted that he did not dare to show his face, except only for that time and purpose, when he was protected by the Judge. Judge Manwood, after he had condemned the glover, seemed unwilling he should die, and therefore made him the offer that if he would but say he would go to church, he should have his pardon. Besides his friends and kindred, he appointed the officers and preachers to persuade him only to promise so much, but they could not obtain it from him. When he was ready to go to execution, they caused the passing-bell to go for him, thinking that with the terror thereof he would be moved to grant so much. Again and again at the place of execution they made the same offer, but all in vain. With most fervent constancy he most willingly yielded himself to their torments, and therefore they ended him, as butcherly and bloodily as ever they did any.

In Hampshire a young man of eighteen years, having been a very earnest heretic, offering to dispute with Catholics, and yet being able but to read English, lighted upon Catholic books. By reading he desired conference with a priest : upon conference he became Catholic, and continued very constant and lived very virtuous. Soon after, falling into extreme sickness, in this extremity he used some words against the Queen, saying she was a heretic. This being overheard by some by chance in the house where he lay, he was forthwith taken out of his bed, committed to the gaol at Winchester for treason, fettered to one who was in prison for felonies, and there lodged among the felons on the ground. It pleased God to restore him his health. He then took upon him all the base offices of the prison, so far entreating his companion that he would stand still some two hours in a day whilst he said his prayers. The prisoners tried to persuade him to go to church ; otherwise, they said, he would be hanged. He answered he would never alter his religion ; and as for hanging, he prayed God to make him worthy of it.

At the next Assize, being called, the Judge showed him a pair of beads and a crucifix hanged to it, found with him. He desired to see it, which receiving, he reverently kissed it and blessed himself with fire.

Said the Judge, "Thou takest that for thy God." "Not so, my lord, but for a remembrance of the death which my Saviour suffered for me."

He was indicted of high treason upon those words [that the Queen was a heretic], and being willed to confess them, he said that to his knowledge or remembrance he never spake them. But because the witnesses said he did, he would not stand in it; whereupon he had judgment to go to the place from whence he came, thence to be drawn to the place of execution, there to be half-hanged, so to be cut down, and then to be unbowelled, his head to be cut off, his body to be quartered, his head to be set on a pole, his quarters on the four gates of the city. "And all this," said he, "is but one thing." "What thing?" said the Judge. He answered, "One death."

Thereupon had away, he was beset by a rabblement of ministers, who asking him what he was, he answered, "A Catholic." They replying further, "What is a Catholic?" he said, "He that believeth that which the Catholic Church teacheth and preacheth, according to the consent of all ancient and holy fathers." Hereupon the ministers forsook him. Being laid again in prison, he spent all that time that he had, in prayer, prostrate on the ground. When he was to be laid on the hurdle, he made the sign of the Cross, and laid him down. Going up to the gallows, the hangman reviled him, saying, "Thou holdest with the Pope, but he has brought thee to the rope, and the hangman shall have thy coat." At which words he smiled and said nothing. Thereupon the hangman gave him a blow under the ear, saying, "What! Dost thou laugh me to scorn?" And he mildly answering him, "Why strikest thou me? I have given thee no such occasion." His words scarce ended, the hangman turned the ladder, and so he happily obtained his wished for glorious martyrdom.

There is something very touching in the thought of unknown Martyrs. They have nobly borne their part in the conflict; they have fought the good fight, and have obtained the crown: but by what we call an accident, there was no one by to register their doings, or the papers have perished in which their courage was recorded. God grants accidental glory to His Saints, as He wills; but He means our gratitude and affection to extend to all His valiant servants, though All Saints Day may be their only feast, and though we call for their intercession only in the comprehensive and general invocations of the Litany of the Saints.

JOHN MORRIS.

Gozo.

IN these days of rapid locomotion, when distance is hardly taken into account by holiday-makers, and when one half of the world is relating to the other half stories of travel and adventure in foreign lands, some apology is needed for travelling experiences so near home. My apology, or rather my defence, is that I am going to "conduct" my readers over entirely new ground. For who ever hears of Gozo? You will not find it in *Bradshaw*. Ask a clerk in any shipping office in London or Liverpool where is Gozo and, ten to one, he will be obliged to slide down from his stool in the direction of the nearest atlas to look. Why, its very unpoetical and unromantic name when it *is* heard is enough to keep away the temptation to visit it. However, in spite of all, Gozo is well worth a visit, and without further preface we will start.

The Cunard steamer, *Demerara*, Captain Rothwell, left the Alexander Dock, Liverpool, at 7 a.m. on Monday, November 22, 1886. After the interchange of strong language between those on board and those on shore, generally heard at the Liverpool Docks while a ship is making its way through the innumerable craft lying about in all directions, we got fairly into the Mersey, and into a clear course soon after 8. There was a thick haze, but the sea was calm, and there were prospects of fair weather.

At breakfast, there was some astonishment on finding that there were only two passengers—a young man on a pleasure trip to Constantinople, and the writer. Though the *Demerara* can accommodate forty passengers, it seems few care to go the whole distance at this time of the year by water. She carried a big cargo instead, consisting chiefly of "dry goods" from Manchester and Birmingham. Every available space was crammed with cases and bales, a portion even of the saloon being partitioned off for this purpose. After breakfast Mr. C.—, my fellow-passenger, and I went to examine the whole ship. We found that even the state-room and smoke-room were

blocked up with cargo. This was too bad, and we resolved to rebel. We first tried to get on the soft side of the head steward. So, after expressing considerable concern for his health and present happiness, we requested him to be so good as to have the boxes removed from at least the state-room. He was sorry to say it was not in his power to do so. We then tried to get the officers to help us. They, too, declared the matter was out of their province. So we held a council of war, and determined to approach the Captain on the subject. It was a great shame leaving us no shelter on deck; we would lodge a complaint against the company; we would sue them for recovery of part of the fare; in fact, we had a mind to get off at Gibraltar! We were sorry afterwards we had been so hasty. We had not got through half of our dreadful threats when the Captain laughed and gave instant orders to clear the state and smoke-rooms. Then the decks were swabbed, the ropes and blocks stowed away, and all made snug and trim. The wind, too, being fortunately in the right direction, all our canvas was put up, and when, in a few hours, we were off Holyhead, we were skimming along right merrily.

We were now informed of the meal-times—the great rallying points on board ship: Breakfast was to be at 8.30, lunch at 1, and dinner at 6. Being only two, and not looking over mischievous, we were given *carte blanche* to go where we liked and do what we liked—a very useful permission, for which we were duly grateful. Whatever little regret about the smallness of our number we may have had, quite left us at dinner. A more good-humoured and delightful little dinner party it would be difficult to find. The Captain and two of the officers always managed to put in an appearance at public meals, but not always, alas, the *two* passengers. Never a good sailor, I was beginning to flatter myself that I was going this time to behave like every one else; but I was soon made to think otherwise.

For the next morning, Tuesday, when I got up, I felt the old, unfortunately familiar sensation. The sea was not rough, but there was a swell on, which accompanied us right through the "sleepless Bay." I washed, said my prayers, bustled about, trying to banish the horrible thought. No use. I staggered on deck, trying to smile at the steward as we passed. The breakfast-bell—and many other bells, too—went unheeded by me. But let us draw a veil over the next few days. When a boy, I used to be told that a large reward awaited the discoverer of perpetual motion. What a lot of legacies will be left to the

man who discovers the cure for sea-sickness! The Captain and officers were exceedingly kind to me during my imprisonment. I could not leave my berth. Not even the third officer's message to me that three whales were to be seen spouting away to star-board could get me on deck. Once only did the Captain succeed in coaxing me up. It was when we were off the Portuguese coast, and, a thorough Britisher, he wanted to show me the place where Wellington so often and so victoriously assailed the French in 1808. But my attempts to stride about and look patriotic were feeble in the extreme.

On Saturday night, the 27th of November, we cast anchor in the Bay of Gibraltar. All the great steamship companies have large coal hulks in this Bay to supply their ships. Luckily we needed coal, and this afforded us an opportunity to see the mighty Rock. In the morning, after breakfast, we went ashore. The Captain himself at the helm, and two blacks at the oars, soon put us at the landing-place. On the way we passed close to the Spanish shore. We could hear a church-bell ringing, and a man galloping along the strand on a long-legged mule we were informed was the "mail." It being Sunday, the town of Gibraltar was alive. Men of many nations, and women in bright coloured dresses, filled the streets, offering for sale fish, fruit, rabbits and goats. Mules and donkeys with tinkling bells trotted about in every direction. It seems only the soldiers observe the Sabbath in English fashion. As we had not too much time we were obliged to make the most of it. So, after a hasty look round at this curious old town, I went into the Cathedral to Mass, while the Captain and Mr. C—— went about securing a permit from the military authorities to see the fortress and its big guns.

Mounted on spirited donkeys we set off up the rock—a soldier in front with a bunch of keys, a regiment of guides and drivers in the rear. The Captain in unmistakeable language informed our followers that we needed none of them; they might come at their peril. This intimidated the majority, still three bold boys hung on. They evidently thought his good-natured face was not that of a man who would do the terrible things he threatened. Our soldier carefully locked each of the gates we passed through, and after a quarter of an hour's climbing up the steep winding incline we found ourselves in the long historical galleries.

These are hollowed out of the solid rock, and at intervals heavy guns stand in embrasures overlooking the sea. Up, up

still our surefooted animals carried us, till we arrived at the top, and here a wonderful view awaited us. On one side, a fearful precipice sickening to look upon. Beneath our feet, the narrow strip of neutral ground, the sea stretching away from nearly the whole circumference. Here I must make a digression to notice the service to me Mark Twain's *Innocents Abroad* had been. Marvellously accurate and life-like is his description of this place. The ships did indeed look like little black dots on the blue waters below. By a laughable coincidence, the three of us at the same moment pointed out—each to the other two—the mountain on which the patriotic Spanish Queen had placed her seat and refused to rise, &c.

Not soon shall I forget the fun we had coming down again. Our donkeys were peacefully disposed animals enough, but one of the rascally boys behind kept interfering with their tails when he could do so unobserved. This particularly irritated the Captain's beast. Every inch a commander on the quarter-deck, he looked, and confessed to be, anything but at home in his present position. I remember reading somewhere of a mule standing on one leg and waving the other three; but I did not imagine a donkey could perform such a feat. And yet this is what he seemed literally to do now and then, and as we were uncomfortably near the edges of ugly precipices, the situation was the reverse of enjoyable.

About 6 p.m. we weighed anchor, having shipped a hundred tons of coal. Again I must draw the veil. Let no one deceive himself into believing, as I had done, that once through the Straits sea-sickness is at an end. There is enough water in the inland sea for many a day's agony. Towards evening on Thursday, the 2nd of December, we sighted Gozo. I am bound to say that what we could see of that island through the glass did not present a very inviting appearance. No ship stops there. All communication with it is made through Malta. Although we were granted *pratique* almost as soon as we had anchored in the magnificent bay at Malta, it was too late to go ashore. We did so, however, early the next morning, after bidding a warm good-bye to the officers. Captain Rothwell, Mr. C—, Mr. B— (another gentleman we had picked up at Gibraltar), and myself went off together, and breakfasted at the Imperial Hotel, Valetta. We were really sorry to part company, and we put off the sad word to the last moment.

I must not omit a little anecdote that has already amused some of my friends. A Maltese came on board the

night before I landed. He evidently had some grudge against her Majesty's Administration, because his language was anything but loyal. We fell to talking about the enormous fortifications all round us. He admitted the place was almost impregnable. Yet Italy was going to take Malta some day. Malta was meant by nature to belong to Italy. He had been on board the *Duilio*. "Some day," he nearly shouted, "all these batteries, St. John's Cathedral, all Valetta will be knocked by the guns of the *Duilio* into same as one box of macaroni!" Happily not many share his views, as her Majesty has not more loyal and devoted subjects in Lancashire than in Malta and Gozo.

A smart little steamer, the *Gleneagles*, plies between Malta and Gozo, and by it I went across on Sunday the 5th. It does not by any means run between the two points of these islands that lie nearest to each other. It takes a course about fifteen miles long, and usually does it under an hour and a half. It is strange how little sometimes people know of the very country in which they live. It is becoming proverbial that nobody knows less about London than a Londoner. But it is passing strange that a native of such a small island as Gozo should know next to nothing about its dimensions and chief features. And yet I saw such could be the case. For curiosity I asked eight persons at random (it is only fair to say that five of them were boys) the length, breadth, and population of Gozo. Not one of them knew! Of course I had read up all about it before I came, and I am not sure I could have furnished the above facts, on the spur of the moment, about a big city I had lately lived in.

Gozo, then, is an island, four miles N.W. from Malta. It is nine miles long by five broad, and it has a population of considerably over 17,000 souls. From the ship it had seemed a wild, barren rock: a closer inspection showed it to be nothing of the sort. Considering it is not always well watered, it is exceedingly fertile. Nearly every fruit and flower brought from Europe and Africa has thriven here. Melons are plentiful and have a delicious flavour; the honey of Gozo has a wide reputation. But you do not see the green hedges you are accustomed to in England and Ireland. The fields are separated by long low ridges of stones, and there is a sameness and a regularity about them that wearies the eye. There are not many trees, it is true, but the prickly-pear plant is abundant, and meets you everywhere. Windmills, working away from morning till night, can be counted by the dozen. The majority of the male popu-

lation of Gozo find plenty of work in the fields, while large numbers of women and girls are engaged in the manufacture of lace, and the filigree for which Malta and Gozo are famous, and which finds a ready market in the former island.

About the centre of the island is Rabato, the chief town, and a stirring place it is. There is a fine public square, planted with a few large trees within neat stone balustrades. It presents a lively scene on Sundays and feast-days, when crowded with countrymen in their fantastic coats, all giving and hearing the latest gossip. Here, too, a couple of local bands alternately murder the National Anthem on holidays. "God Save the Queen" is a tune that simply fascinates them. They always begin their performance by playing five or six verses of it. They flounder away then at some operatic piece, but directly the parts become somewhat complicated they give it up and rush back for refuge into the seventh verse of "God Save the Queen." The effect of this upon the nerves, especially as every instrument is a full note below the proper pitch, is more easily to be imagined than described.

It is amusing to see the energetic efforts of the shopkeepers to make to appear as English-like as possible the description and arrangement of their wares. "Grog-Shop" is the enticing sign over more than one door, though there is small resemblance indeed between the modest interior of these and establishments of the same character in London. Seldom is a man seen the "worse for grog" here.

The familiar advertisement of "Singer's Sewing Machines" is posted up at one corner, and it is surprising that Messrs. Lewis, who before their great fire in Liverpool were credited with trying to put theirs on the moon, have not one on the other corner.

All the houses in Gozo have flat roofs, for the double purpose of catching the rain, and enabling the inmates to sit out in the cool of the evening. It is not much of an exaggeration to say that when it rains here scarcely a drop is lost. Roads, roofs, gardens, fields, all have contrivances to collect and keep the precious liquid.

Rabato possesses a small but well-selected library. A certain sum of money is devoted each year to the purchasing of the latest and most generally useful English works. A committee propose a book in rotation, and a majority of votes decides the choice.

The principal educational establishment is a College conducted by the Jesuit Fathers, and primary education is far from

being neglected. The Augustinians, Capuchins, and Franciscans have convents in Gozo, and churches and chapels cover the whole island. To say that these people of Gozo are a pious people is to give a poor account of them. They are pious with a piety that would be utterly incomprehensible to English people. They are pious with a piety that is visible everywhere in its effects; that penetrates to, and exercises an influence on, the most petty details of daily life. It shows itself in universal charity, kindness to all, sympathy with suffering, mutual forbearance; and there is a courtesy and graceful reserve among these people unhappily very rare at the present day. And yet how can it be otherwise? It has been well said that the studied politeness of the drawing-room is the reflection of the natural politeness of the cloister. The reverential bearing men are daily accustomed to see amongst those ministering in God's sanctuary, they cannot but imitate in a lesser degree amongst themselves.

As might be expected, the poor and the afflicted are remembered in this Heaven-favoured spot. The spacious hospital, supported by Government, and superintended by the Sisters of Charity, might vie with St. Thomas' itself for comfort and cleanliness. The medical student of the latter institution would open his eyes very wide indeed to see a whole ward reciting together the Rosary—many of the poor old fellows gasping out their *Ave Marias* from beds they are never more to leave. The Sisters of Charity have also charge of a convent-school for the daughters of the well-to-do: the poor little waifs and strays are tenderly cared for by the good Sisters of St. Francis.

On an eminence outside Rabato is the handsome Cathedral; for Gozo is now a distinct diocese. It was formerly a part of the diocese of Malta; but, towards the close of his Pontificate, Pius the Ninth erected this into an independent see. The Bishop is Mgr. Pace, a very able, and an equally amiable man—adding to his other excellent qualities that of speaking English perfectly and with a very pleasing accent. He has lived many years in Rome, and is a great Rubrician. Consequently, all the ceremonies in the Cathedral, which are carried out with extraordinary pomp and splendour, are as correct rubrically as in Rome itself. High Mass is very frequent, and is almost always sung by the Bishop, or at least *coram Episcopo*.¹

¹ They have an admirable little plan here, and one which, having been a Cere-
moniarus, I thoroughly appreciate, and could wish to see adopted at home. A server
stands near the Celebrant, and when he is ready to sing he tinkles a small bell. This
proves a most effective check to the organist.

On the feast of the Epiphany he both sang High Mass and preached. His lordship is always attended by civil, as well as ecclesiastical, state, and his arrival for a grand function is the occasion of a very impressive scene. The acolytes and train-bearer stand on the top of the flight of steps leading to the grand entrance. The Canons, who wear a very graceful dress, are gathered just within the Cathedral doors. Directly the important-looking mace-bearer enters, at the head of the procession the organ strikes up a grand march, and all kneel to receive the blessing of their beloved Bishop.

The whole population have an unbounded devotion to our Blessed Lady. Her statues and pictures are everywhere, and, albeit many of them are far more indicative of good intention and piety than of artistic skill on the part of the artificer, they are none the less suited to their purpose, which is to turn the mind heavenwards and to her whom they represent. Men are appointed to go round at night and light the lamps in front of these statues, and this, by the way, serves as the chief illumination of the streets, as Gozo is yet years behind gas.

The Immaculate Conception was a great day here. The glorious feast was ushered in by the ringing of countless bells, and the rapid and successive explosions of small mortars. This continued during the day, and, till dark, the gaily decorated churches were visited by crowds of the devout clients of Mary, the Mother of God.

Such is Gozo, a place that must be precious in the sight of God, by reason of the simple guileless lives of its inhabitants. So complete is the harmony, so beautiful the blending of religion with all the business of life, that the island may well be described, as it was in my presence, as one big religious house. No sectarian squabbles hold men aloof, because all are united in one belief. During the day every one is busy at his or her work, suspending it only to eat the bread of industry, to say the *Angelus*, or to pray for the dead when the passing-bell announces that God has taken one of their number away ;

Prayers ascend

To Heaven in troops at a good man's passing-bell.

And no unseemly brawls disturb the night, because the demon of intemperance has here no footing, and the poor have learnt to live contented with their lot.

P. J. HAYDEN, Esq.

Solar Flames.

II.

RESULTS.

BUT one year's observation of solar flames by the open slit method sufficed to enable observers to distinguish two main classes of these objects; and the broad division of "cloud-prominences" and "flame-prominences" was announced by Lockyer in April 1870. This distinction was so obvious that it was almost simultaneously announced by Zöllner and Respighi, and adhered to by Young, Secchi, and Spörer. These classes are sometimes called hydrogenous and metallic from their chief constituents, or again quiescent and eruptive, the first class being quiescent not always in themselves but relatively to the eruptive class. Various subdivisions have been suggested by Secchi, but it is very difficult to draw any clear line of demarcation between the various forms. However, such forms as plumes, horns, and clouds, either attached to the chromosphere as is generally the case, or floating in the solar atmosphere, are easily recognizable. Then, too, there are flames composed of filaments which cross and recross in all directions, and again diffused masses which rise from the solar surface, broad at the base and tapering to their summits. Eruptive prominences are generally of the cyclonic or spiked kinds, or if composed of filaments, the filaments are arranged vertically. There are also such shapes as sheafs or bundles of flame; and jets and fountains are to be seen in the neighbourhood of spots. But it is beyond all power of description to illustrate these ever varying phenomena. Lockyer compares the general view of some to the elms seen in an English hedge-row; another observer to a gorgeous red sunset playing on the clouds viewed through a partially opened door, a very happy illustration of what is to be seen in the opened slit.

The first class are not only quiescent as regards their

motions, but also as regards their positions. They sometimes remain for several days on the same point of the solar limb, and no doubt would be seen longer were they not carried round by the solar rotation. The material out of which they are formed is of two kinds, hydrogen, and the matter corresponding to the line D_3 of the solar spectrum, unknown to us, the so-called helium. When of the cloud form they are usually connected with the limb by narrow streaks forming roots. With regard to the formation of these clouds, Secchi observed that in the generality of cases bright filaments would rise up from the surface of the sun, which became condensed into cloud-forms when at a certain altitude. For some time the clouds so formed would be fed by streamers, which finally ceasing left the suspended brilliant mass of hydrogen. But there were notable exceptions to the rule. Sometimes the condensation of the cloud occurred without any connecting link at all with the limb, precisely analogous to the formation of terrestrial clouds from aqueous vapour. These important observations have been verified by Young. Again, Secchi has seen clouds instead of being fed from below, themselves pouring down a flood of fire on to the sun's limb in the shape of radiating filaments. We may cite an instance of one which he observed in conjunction with Tacchini, on September 18, 1873, and which was formed out of the debris of an eruptive prominence. Resembling in shape a parabolic arc, the branch of its concavity nearest the limb kept up a continual downpour on to the chromosphere.

We have before remarked that these prominences of the first class are only relatively quiet. Indeed so rapid at times are their motions, that the distinction of the classes into hydrogen and metallic prominences, founded on their constituents, would seem to be the best. Or as Secchi proposed, those hydrogen prominences which show such motions might be relegated to a class by themselves. They cannot be called quiescent, nor can they be placed in the second class, because the forces at work are not the same as cause eruptions. The first kind of motion we may call attention to, is that caused by mighty solar winds or currents playing in the sun's atmosphere. The summit of a prominence quiet at its base will at times be torn to pieces by such winds. The direction of these currents as indicated by the inclinations of the summits of the flames formed the subject of long continued study by Secchi. As a result of his researches he arrived at the conclusion that there is a well marked current

flowing from the equator to the poles, with which conclusion Young is inclined to agree. Yet as more observations seem to be needed to solidly establish this important point, it is one of those which receives especial attention in the observations of chromosphere and prominences made at Stonyhurst. There are other motions of these suspended cloud masses which are interesting. For instance, on April 3, 1872, Secchi¹ observed a cloud which moved so rapidly upwards from the limb that between 8^h 44^m and 9^h 10^m the distance of the summit from the sun's surface had increased from 4' 19" to 7' 29". The increase in height of the prominence was therefore at the rate of 85,500 miles in 26 minutes, or about 55 miles a second.

But by far the most interesting of all solar displays are the eruptive prominences. Not so extensive as the quiet prominences, they are as a rule much more brilliant. They differ too in this, that their lives are generally very short. Their spectrum at times is a very complicated one, and although the chief materials out of which they are formed are hydrogen and helium, yet their spectrum is rich in such metals as iron, sodium, magnesium, calcium, and titanium. But they are most remarkable on account of their rapid changes of form, and the velocities with which they are projected upwards. A few examples may be cited to show this. On October 16, 1871, Secchi² observed and drew a remarkable outburst in the presence of O. Struve, the Director of the great Russian Observatory of Pulkowa. It took place on the west limb of the sun. At 9.10 when the sun was first observed, nothing remarkable on this limb had been noticed. But at 9.30 a conical shaped flame was detected about 85° from the N. point, and about 5° from the flame a large diffused mass of cloud. At 9.36 the flame had increased both in length and breadth, having absorbed the cloud. At 9.43 it assumed a fan shape with brilliant jets, the height being now about 64", *i.e.*, nearly 29,000 miles. The storm culminated at 9.49, when parabolic jets were observed falling back on the sun, accompanied by an increased intensity in the seat of the original disturbance. The height of some isolated fragments was now about 240", about four times what it had been six minutes previously, and the breadth 236", with a rate of ascent of 217 miles a second. An injection of heavy metals at the base of the flame was also detected by the spectroscope, among them being iron, sodium, and magnesium.

¹ *Le Soleil*, vol. ii. p. 54.

² *Ibid.* vol. ii. p. 64.

After this the brilliancy of the flame waned, although the detached fragments continued to mount. Three principal jets could now be distinguished, the highest attaining its maximum of 176", or about ten times the earth's diameter, at 9.56. By 10.12 the whole storm had passed away, and there remained but two small jets to mark the seat of this mighty outburst. The cycle of changes therefore described above had been completed in less than one hour. In most cases, however, such violent eruptions are not so rapidly dissolved, but are renewed at intervals, especially when they are in connection with a large sun-spot at a time of solar activity. Another grand outburst, though of somewhat longer duration, was witnessed by the same observer on December 19, 1871. In this case it was in connection with a sun-spot. In a similar observation made by Young³ on the 5th of October of the same year, in connection with another spot, he remarks that the beauty and the symmetry of the falling jets exceeded anything he had ever seen. But the most astounding observation of this kind ever made is that reported by Professor Young on September 7, 1871.⁴ At 12.30 on this day he noticed on the western limb of the sun a large cloud connected by three stems to the chromosphere. Beyond its great size, some 55,000 miles high and 100,000 long, there was nothing very remarkable at first about this flame. But after half an hour's interval the state of affairs had entirely changed. For in the meantime it had literally been blown to fragments. We quote Professor Young's account: "While I was watching I saw some of the filaments ascend from an elevation of 100,000 miles to one of 200,000 miles in ten minutes of time, with an average velocity of 167 miles a second." This observation has received a very careful discussion from Mr. Procter.⁵ He shows that if the filaments Young observed actually started from the chromosphere they must have possessed an initial velocity of more than 250 miles a second. Nay, more; it is evident from his calculations that these patches of flame must have encountered considerable resistance to their upward passage through the solar atmosphere between the heights of 100,000 and 200,000 miles, and more than this the intensity of the force of gravity on the sun which would tend to pull them downwards is $27\frac{1}{2}$ times that of the same force on the earth. Taking all these facts into account, the initial velocity of

³ *The Sun and the Phenomena of its Atmosphere*, p. 191. ⁴ *Ibid.* p. 193.

⁵ *Month*, Nat. R.A.S. 1871, vol. xxxii. p. 51.

projection cannot be placed at a lower figure than 500 miles a second. Had the particles observed been solid instead of gaseous, such a velocity of projection would have been sufficient to have driven them into space never to return again. So inconceivable are such velocities to the human mind, that Young was tempted at first to suppose that in such phenomena there was not a real transference of matter, but only a lighting up of matter already in position, something analogous to the explosion of a train of gunpowder. In fact, some observations of Trouvelot⁶ would seem to support such a theory. For instance, he professes to have witnessed a flame some 80,000 miles high vanish from before his eyes in an instant of time. But here again the wonderful spectroscope comes to our aid, and its teachings are that in the velocities observed, we are dealing with real velocities of incandescent particles. How it tells us so we shall proceed to show. No doubt many of our readers have noticed what happens to the note given by the whistle of a train as it dashes through a railway station. As it approaches the note becomes continually shriller and of a higher pitch, and the opposite effect is observed as it rushes out of sight? Why is this? Because sound is conveyed to our ears by waves in the air, and the more waves that reach us in any given interval of time the higher is the corresponding note, and the fewer the lower. For instance, the whistle of a train going at a speed of forty miles an hour, and whistling at a pitch which when at rest would send 1,000 vibrations a second to the ear, would convey 110 vibrations a second more when approaching, and the same number less when receding. A precisely analogous effect happens in the case of a body giving out light vibrations instead of sound vibrations. Light is conveyed not by the air but by ether, and the length of the waves is very small indeed. The unit for measuring them adopted by spectroscopists is the tenth-metre, *i.e.* the ten millioneth part of a millimetre, a millimetre being 0.03937 of an inch. The length of the longest wave that we can see in the red is 7,600 of these small units, and of the shortest in the violet is 3,932 of the same unit. If a body giving out light is advancing towards us, more waves will reach the eye in a given second, or, what is the same thing, relatively to us the length of the waves will be shorter, and whatever is true of bodies advancing is true in an opposite sense of bodies receding. Take, then, the case of a glowing cloud of hydrogen

⁶ Clerke, *History of Astronomy during the Nineteenth Century*, p. 241.

swiftly advancing in our line of sight on the sun. Suppose we are observing it on its blue line. The waves of light giving this line have a certain definite length, namely, 4,860 tenth-metres. What will happen? Since the body is advancing, the length of the waves will be less than 4,860 units, hence the bright blue line will be displaced from its proper position and thrown down in the scale towards the violet. If the body had been receding, the line would have been thrown up towards the red. So delicate are modern spectroscopes that a change in the wavelength of a given line of the 100-millionth part of a millimetre can be detected. Indeed, a change of one-tenth metre in the position of the blue line of hydrogen towards the violet would indicate an uprush of this gas at the rate of 38 miles a second. The spectroscope, then, is not only an instrument for finding out what the heavenly bodies are made of, but can even be employed to gauge their velocities in the line of sight. We say in the line of sight because, as a moment's reflection will show, the method is inapplicable to motions at right angles to the line of sight. Hence on the body of the sun it measures the velocity of the gas-streams which are rushing up or down, while at the limb it will measure not the up and down rushes, but those only towards or away from us. But, as we have already seen, up and down rushes or vertical motions on the limb can be detected in the open slit of the spectroscope, and measured by an ordinary micrometer. By such means of observation velocities of sixty, eighty, and of a hundred miles a second have been often detected in masses of hydrogen. A phenomenal instance occurred on August 3, 1872, as observed by Young, when the same flame gave in one part indications of an uprush of 250 miles a second, and in another part a downrush of 230 miles a second. More wonderful still, Young noted in this outburst three times of special intensity, and at these precise instants the magnets at Greenwich and Stonyhurst gave responsive deflections.⁷ The greatest average velocity in a flame ever observed by Secchi was about 230 miles a second, in the outburst described above of October 16, 1871.

The heights of prominences vary very greatly. The chromosphere being about 4,000 miles deep on an average, it is usual to reckon as a prominence any flame which extends beyond this level. Few however get beyond 100,000 miles, although some instances of greater heights are recorded, as

⁷ *The Sun (Inter-Scientific Series)*, p. 210.

one by Secchi of 300,000 miles, and a still greater one by Young, seen in October, 1878, 365,000 miles high. In 1871 Secchi observed 2767 prominences, and more than half of these reached the altitude of 40" or 18,000 miles, while one-fourth only were higher than 1', or 28,000 miles. If we take the Stonyhurst results⁸ for the six years 1880-85 and take the mean height of all the prominences observed, it becomes 25" 71, or about 12,000 miles. Separating the highest and taking their mean, we get 1' 20" 19, or about 35,000 miles. The highest ever seen at Stonyhurst was on October 30, 1883, and reached an altitude of 132,000 miles. The year 1871 was a time of great solar activity, and Secchi gets more than half his prominences about 18,000 miles in height. The years covered by the Stonyhurst results include the long drawn-out maximum of 1882-84 in solar phenomena, and years on either side, and the mean deduced is 12,000 miles. Hence we may safely conclude that the average height of solar flames, lies between 15,000 and 20,000 miles. Another way of looking at solar prominences from a statical point of view is the inquiry as to how much of the solar limb or edge is covered by these wonderful appendages. It is found that the extent varies with the sun-spots, following an eleven-years' cycle as they do, although the maximum of flames lags somewhat behind that of spots and faculæ. From the Stonyhurst results it is shown that in 1880, about 23° 21' out of the 360° was the mean extent of the prominences on the solar limb. It rose to 33° 18' in 1881, to 40° 56' in 1882, and culminated with 41° 24' in 1883. Then it sank rapidly to 29° 6' in 1884, and to 28° 25' in 1885. From these figures, deduced as they are from a great number of observations of flames made on 424 days, the varying nature of solar activity will be seen at a glance. But more than this, the connection between spots, faculæ and prominences, is a very close one; the precise nature of this connection being a bone of contention among astronomers. About the connection there is no doubt: spots are confined to certain zones on the sun, and to these zones likewise are eruptive prominences confined, faculæ extend beyond these zones, so do quiet prominences, the law of increase and decrease in solar activity affects equally all three classes of phenomena. Nay, more than this, a spot when seen on the solar limb, is always accompanied by attendant prominences, and every spot in its dissolution leaves a debris of faculæ. The question there-

⁸ The Observatory, February, 1886.

fore is narrowed to this; are the up-rushing prominences prior in time to the down-rushing spots, or is the opposite the case, first spots and then prominences? In one case prominences are the cause of spots, in the second, spots are the cause of prominences. Secchi held the first view, Lockyer holds the second, and moreover, in holding it, bases it on a much further reaching hypothesis, that the elements as we know them, do not and cannot exist in the sun, but are dissociated at its tremendous temperature. To discuss both views would take us beyond our assigned limits. Withholding then any opinion as to the relative merits of the two hypotheses, we may describe Secchi's in brief, so as to escape leaving our readers altogether without any explanation of the prominences. First as to the fact of distribution; spots and eruptive prominences being confined within certain limits, and faculæ and quiet prominences extending beyond these limits, Secchi holds that hydrogen prominences are the forerunners of faculæ, and metallic prominences of spots. It is only necessary to follow a bright facula to the limb, when a prominence will be seen in connection, or at least a raising of the chromospheric level, and solar storms invariably accompany spots. Secchi held that the forces that caused the eruptions were from within. Heavy metals are ejected such as iron, calcium, magnesium, etc., a metallic or eruptive prominence is the result. When the vapours of these metals, for under the tremendous solar heat nought but vapours of metals can exist, reach a relatively cooler level in the solar atmosphere, they become condensed and falling by their weight, tear a cavity in the photosphere of the sun, forming a sun-spot. More than this; according to principles before stated it is evident that these vapours, being superposed over an intensely shining nucleus, will absorb light, and so will appear dark to the eye; relatively dark, for in themselves they must be wonderfully brilliant; hence come the dark spots on the sun. Therefore three points are the main ones in Secchi's theory, first the forces causing eruptions are from within, secondly the eruptions precede and cause the spots, and thirdly eruptions and spots are the same phenomenon only in different phases.

Mr. Lockyer holds that the main cause is from without, and that spots are responded to by eruptions. Secchi based his theory on many observations. We will give one remarkable instance as a sample.⁹ On January 23, 1874, he observed a

⁹ *Sulle protuberanze solari e le macchie.* Acad. Pont. de Nuovi Lincei Jan. 25, 1874.

metallic prominence on the sun's limb about 50° E. of N. This was at 11.15. At 12.10 the prominence seemed to be boiling and metallic ejections were taking place, but no trace of a spot was visible. The disturbance still continued and at 2.15 some dark spots were observed well on the solar disc. They could not have been brought round by the solar rotation during the observation, they were too far advanced on the solar surface for that, and moreover, not a trace of a spot had been seen in that quarter at 9 o'clock that morning when Father Ferrari made a sketch of the sun. Hence Secchi could attribute them to nothing else but the down-rush consequent on the metallic eruption. The above is a brief sketch of Secchi's theory, although the question of the solar economy is far from settled. Secchi's theory is simple and it accords well with observed facts. Again, it is but reasonable to place the seat of the solar forces in the region where the greatest energy is manifested, and that is certainly near the surface. But Mr. Lockyer is a great observer, and his views are not in accordance with those of the illustrious Roman astronomer. We may perhaps discuss them on a future occasion.

Finally, to complete our survey of solar prominences and their various classes, we must not pass over unnoticed some observations of Trouvelot and Tacchini. The former observing on June 26, 1885, saw an immense flame nearly one-third of the solar diameter in height on the sun's eastern limb, and at a point on the western limb diametrically opposite a similar flame almost equalling the dimensions of the former.¹⁰ The same observer has also at times seen some curious black prominences only rendered visible because projected upon a luminous background.¹¹ They accompany eruptive prominences, and are found in the neighbourhood of spots manifesting great activity. In this observation he is unique. Tacchini, on the contrary, during last year's eclipse, August 29, 1886, noticed white prominences, extensions of the red ones, but reaching far greater heights. He concludes from his observations, that what we ordinarily see is not the whole prominence, but only the more brilliant interior. He even is inclined to classify the comet Tewfik which appeared during the eclipse in Egypt of 1882, in the sun's immediate neighbourhood, and never seen before or since, as one of these white prominences. Mr. Lockyer presses this observation into the

¹⁰ *L'Astronomie*, 4, 441-7.

¹¹ *Sur la Structure intime de l'enveloppe solaire*, Bull. Astron. June, 1885.

service of his down-rush theory, but upon what precise grounds it is hard to see.¹² But whatever be the true state of the case, and perhaps the intellect of man will never wholly grasp it, we can but gaze in astonishment and wonder at the mighty forces at work in the sun. And when we further bring home to ourselves the fact that our sun is but one among the innumerable suns of our stellar system, some 20,000,000 we are told, and as the spectroscope shows, with similar mighty forces at work in them, and all with a marvellous order bound together by the mighty law of gravitation, how can we sufficiently adore the Mind of Him who created all this out of nothing, and by His Word?

A. L. CORTIE.

¹² May not this comet have been one of those which when their brightness is such as to render them visible from the earth, are lost in the solar rays? M. Holetschek has examined the conditions which the orbit of such a comet ought to fulfil, and he concludes that there are probably several comets which escape observation in this way. This would explain why many periodic comets are not seen at some of their returns to perihelion, as for instance the one discovered by Father De Vico on August 22, 1844. Others again, as the comet of 1821, would never have been seen had their passage occurred at any other time of the year than it actually did (Radan. Bull. Astron., July, 1885).

The Lindsays.

A STORY OF SCOTTISH LIFE.

CHAPTER I.

HUBERT BLAKE TO SOPHY MEREDITH.

*The Castle Farm, Muirburn,
Lanarkshire, N.B., Sept. 12, 187-.*

MY DEAR SOPHY,—I only arrived here last night, so you see I am losing no time in redeeming my promise. I can hardly tell you what I think of my new cousins; they are not to be known in a day, I can see that much. As for the country and its inhabitants generally—well, they are as different from an English county and English country-folks as if they were in different continents, and that is all I can say at present.

I left the railway at a tiny station called Kilmartin, and found "the coach" waiting in the station yard. It was not a coach, but a queer dumpy omnibus, about two-thirds of the size of a London 'bus, with three big, raw-boned horses harnessed to it. I was lucky enough to get a seat in front beside the driver. It was just a little before sunset; and I wish I could put before you in words the freshness of the scene. We were climbing a rather steep hill in a very leisurely fashion. On either side of the road was a steep bank thickly clothed with crowsfoot and wild thyme. Above us on either side stretched a belt of Scotch firs. The sunset rays shone red on the trunks of the pines, and here and there one could catch through them a sight of the ruddy west, showing like a great painted window in a cathedral. The air was soft, and laden with the sweet smell of the firs, and yet it was cool and exhilarating.

As soon as we got to the top of the ridge we began to rattle down the other side at a great rate. It was really very pleasant, and thinking to conciliate the weather-beaten coachman at my side, I confided to him my opinion that of all species of travelling coaching was the most delightful.

"Specially on a winter's nicht, wi' yer feet twa lumps o' ice, an' a wee burn o' snaw-watter runnin' doon the nape o' yer neck!" responded the Scotch Jehu.

I laughed, and glanced at the man sitting on my right, a big, brown-faced, grey-haired farmer, in a suit of heavy tweeds, who sat leaning his two hands on the top of an enormous stick. He was smiling grimly to himself, as if he enjoyed the stranger being set down.

"Fine country," I remarked, by way of conciliating *him*.

"Ay," said he, with a glance at the horizon out of the sides of his eyes, but without moving a muscle of his face.

"And a very fine evening," I persisted.

"Ay—nicht be waur."

Upon this I gave it up, lighted a cigar, and set myself to study the landscape. We had got to a considerable elevation above the sea level; and in spite of the glorious evening and the autumn colours just beginning to appear in the hedges, the country had a dreary look. Imagine one great stretch of pasture barely reclaimed from moorland, with the heather and stony ground cropping up every here and there, divided into fields, not by generous spreading hedgerows, but low walls of blue stone, built without mortar. The only wood to be seen was narrow belts of firs, planted here and there behind a farmhouse, or between two fields, and somehow their long bare stems and heavy mournful foliage did not add to the brightness of the scene, though they gave it a character of its own. But the country is not all moor and pasture. It is broken every now and then by long, deep, winding ravines, clothed with the larch and the mountain ash, each one the home of a bright brawling stream.

We had travelled for half an hour in silence, when the farmer suddenly spoke.

"Ye'll be frae the sooth, I'm thinkin'."

He was not looking at me, but contemplating the horizon from under a pair of the bushiest eyebrows I ever saw. For a moment I thought of repaying his bad manners by giving him no answer, but thinking better of it I said "Ay," after the manner of the country.

"Ye'll no hae mony beasts like they in England, I fancy," said he. We were passing some Ayrshire cows at the time, small, but splendid animals of their kind; and I soothed the old man's feelings by admitting the fact.

"Are ye traivellin' faur?" he asked.

"Not much further, I believe."

"Ye're no an agent, are ye?"

"No," I answered.

"Nor a factor?"

"No." (He was evidently puzzled to make out what an Englishman was about in his country, and I determined not to gratify his curiosity.)

"Ye'll maybe be the doctor?"

"No."

"Sharely ye're no the new minister?" he exclaimed with an expression of unfeigned alarm. I calmed his fears, and again we proceeded on our way in silence.

When we had gone perhaps some seven or eight miles from the railway station, I noticed a stout dog-cart standing at the corner of a by-road, under a tall, straggling thorn hedge. The youth who was seated in it made a sign to the coachman to stop, and I was made aware that the dog-cart had been sent for me. I got down, and as I bade good night to the cross-questioning farmer, I observed a grim smile of triumph on his firmly compressed lips. He evidently knew the dog-cart, and would now be able to trace the mysterious stranger.

I and my portmanteau were finally left on the side of the road, and the young man in the dog-cart civilly turned the vehicle round (with some difficulty on account of the narrow road), and drew up beside me, to save my carrying my luggage a dozen yards. At first I was a little uncertain whether I had one of my third (or fourth, which is it?) cousins before me, or simply a young man from Mr. Lindsay's farm. He was dressed in very coarse tweeds, his hands were rough and spoke of manual labour, and he breathed the incense of the farm-yard; but I thought his finely cut features, sensitive lips, and clear blue eyes bespoke him to be of gentle blood, and luckily I made a hit in the right direction.

"You are one of Mr. Lindsay's sons, I think, that is to say, one of my cousins," I said, as I shook hands with him.

The youth's face lighted up with a blush and a pleasant smile as he answered that he was, and held open the apron of the dog-cart for me to get in. In another moment we were off, the sturdy old mare between the shafts carrying us along at a very fair pace.

There are some people, Sophy, who wear their characters written on their faces, and Alec Lindsay is one of them. I

could see, even as we drove together along that solitary lane in the autumn twilight, that his was a frank, ingenuous nature, shy, sensitive, and reserved. I mean that his shyness made him reserved, but his thoughts and feelings showed themselves in his face without his knowing it, so little idea had he of purposely concealing himself. Such a face is always interesting; and besides, there was an under-expression of dissatisfaction, of unrest, I hardly know what to call it, in his eyes which was scarcely natural in so young a lad. He could hardly be more than eighteen or nineteen.

After half an hour's drive we approached the little town, or village—it is rather too large for a village and much too small to be called a town—of Muirburn. It consists of one long double row of two-storied houses built of stone and white-washed, with one or two short cross streets at intervals. The houses had not a scrap of garden in front of them, nothing but a broad footpath, the playground of troops of children. The lower part of these dwellings had a bare, deserted appearance, but I found that they were used in almost every case as work-rooms, being fitted up with looms. In one or two of the windows a light twinkled, and we could hear the noise of the shuttle as we passed.

In the middle of the village stood a large square building, whitewashed all over, and provided with two rows of small square windows, placed at regular intervals, one above and one below.

"What is that building?" I asked.

"The Free Church," answered my companion, with a touch of pride.

A church! Why, it was hardly fit to be a school-house. A mean iron railing, which had been painted at some remote epoch, alone protected it from the street. It was the very embodiment of ugliness; its sole ornament being a stove-pipe which protruded from one corner of the roof. Never, in all my life, whether among Hindoos, Mahometans, or Irish peasants, had I seen so supremely ugly an edifice dedicated to the service of the Almighty.

"That's the United Presbyterian one," said Alec, pointing with his whip to a building on the other side of the street, similar to the one we had just passed, but of less hideous aspect. It was smaller and it could boast a front of hewn stone and neat latticed windows, while a narrow belt of greensward fenced it off from the road.

Just then we passed a knot of men, perhaps ten or a dozen, standing at the corner of one of the side streets. All had their hands in their pockets, all were in their shirt-sleeves, and all wore long white aprons. They were doing nothing whatever—not talking, nor laughing, nor quarrelling, but simply looking down the street. At present our humble equipage was an object of supreme interest to them.

"Why are these men standing there?" I asked.

"They're weavers," answered Alec, as if the fact contained a reason in itself for their conduct. "They always stand there when they are not working, in all weathers, wet and dry; it's their chief diversion."

"Diversion!" I repeated; but at that moment the sweet tinkle of a church-bell fell upon my ears. I almost expected to see the people cross themselves, it sounded so much like the Angelus. It is the custom, I find, to ring the bell of the parish church at six in the morning and eight in the evening, though there is no service, and no apparent need for the ceremony. I wonder if it can be really a survival of the Vesper-bell?

The bell was still ringing as we passed the church that possessed it. This was "the Established Church," my companion informed me—a building larger than either of its competitors, and boasting a belfry.

"What does a small town like this want with so many chapels?" I asked my cousin.

I could see that I had displeased him, whether by speaking of Muirburn as a small town, or by inadvertently calling the "churches" chapels, I was not sure. As he hesitated for an answer I hastened to add—

"You are all of the same religion, substantially, I mean?"

"Well, yes."

"Then why don't you club together and have one handsome place of worship instead of three very—well, plain buildings?"

"What?" exclaimed Alec, and then he burst into a roar of laughter. "That's a good joke," said he, as if I had said something superlatively witty; "but I say," he continued, with a serious look in his bonny blue eyes, "you'd better not say anything of that kind to my father."

"Why not?" I asked, but Alec did not answer me. His attention was attracted by a child which was playing in the road, right in front of us. He called out, but the little one did not seem to hear him, and he slackened the mare's pace almost

to a walk. We were just approaching the last of the side streets, and at that moment a gig, drawn by a powerful bay horse, appeared coming rapidly round the corner. It was evident that there must be a collision, though, owing to Alec's having slackened his pace so much, it could not be a serious one.

But the child? Before I could cry out, before I could think, Alec was out of the trap and snatching the little girl from under the horse's very nose. I never saw a narrower escape; how he was not struck down himself, I could not imagine.

The next moment the gig, which had brushed against our vehicle without doing it much damage, had disappeared down the road; and a woman, clad in a short linsey petticoat and a wide sleeveless bodice of printed cotton, had rushed out of the opposite house and was roundly abusing Alec for having nearly killed her child. Without paying much attention to her Alec walked round to the other side of the dog-cart to see what damage had been done, and muttering to himself, "I'm thankful it's no worse," he climbed back into his place, and we resumed our journey, while the young Caledonian was acknowledging sundry tender marks of his mother's affection with screams like those of a locomotive.

Another half-hour's drive brought us to a five-barred gate which admitted us to a narrow, and particularly rough lane. We jolted on for a few minutes, and then the loud barking of several dogs announced that we had arrived at the farm. But I must keep my description of its inhabitants for my next epistle. I am too sleepy to write more. Good night.

Your affectionate cousin,

HUBERT BLAKE.

CHAPTER II.

HUBERT BLAKE TO SOPHY MEREDITH.

The Castle Farm, Muirburn, N.B.

September 15.

DEAR SOPHY,—I think I shall like this place, and shall probably stay till the beginning of winter. I have begun a large picture of a really beautiful spot which I found close by two days ago, and I should like to see my painting well on to completion before I leave, lest I should be tempted to leave it unfinished, like so many others, when I get back to town.

I had a very hospitable welcome from Mr. Lindsay on the night I arrived. He met me at the door—a tall, broad-shouldered, upright man, perhaps sixty years of age, with the regular Scotch type of features, large nose, and high cheek-bones. I could see, even at first, that he is the sort of man it would not be pleasant to quarrel with.

He led me into a wide passage, and thence into a large low-roofed kitchen with a stone floor. Here there were seated three or four men and women, whom I took to be farm-servants. There was no light in the place, except that which came from a bit of "cannel" coal, stuck in the peat fire. The women were knitting; the men were doing nothing. No one took the trouble of rising as we passed, except one of the young men who went to look after the mare.

After crossing the kitchen we passed through a narrow passage, and entered a pleasant and good sized room in which a large coal fire and a moderator lamp were burning.

Did you ever see a perfectly beautiful woman, Sophy? I doubt it. I never did till I saw Margaret Lindsay. I was so astonished to see a lady at the Castle Farm that I positively stared at the girl for a moment, but she came forward and shook hands with the utmost self-possession.

"I'm afraid you have had a cold drive, Mr. Blake," she said; and though she spoke in a very decidedly Scotch accent, the words did not sound so harshly from her lips as they had done when spoken by her father. For the first time I thought that the Doric might have an agreeable sound.

I will try to tell you what Margaret is like. She must be nearly twenty years of age, for she is evidently older than her brother, but her complexion is that of a girl of sixteen, by far the finest and softest I ever saw. She is tall, but not too tall for elegance. Her eyes are brown, like her father's, and her hair is a dark chestnut. Her features are simply perfect—low forehead, beautifully moulded eyebrows, short upper lip—you can imagine the rest. You will say that my description would fit a marble bust nearly as well as a girl of nineteen, and your criticism would be just. Margaret's face is rather wanting in expression. It is calm, reserved, not to say hard. But her deliberate almost proud manner suits her admirably.

I can see you smiling to yourself, and saying that you understand now my anxiety to get my picture finished before I leave the farm. All I can say is, you never were more mistaken

in your life. I am not falling in love with this newly-discovered beauty, and I certainly don't intend to do anything so foolish. But I could look at her face by the hour together. I wonder whether there are any capabilities of passion under the cold exterior.

I took an opportunity when Alec was out of the room to narrate our little adventure by the way, and just as I finished my recital the hero of the story came in.

"So you managed to get run into on the way home, Alec," said his father, with a look of displeasure. "I should think you might have learned to drive by this time."

The lad's face flushed, but he made no answer.

"Is the mare hurt?" asked the old man.

"No, she wasn't touched," answered his son. "One of the wheels will want a new spoke; that's all."

"And is that nothing, sir?"

"No one could possibly have avoided the collision, such as it was," said I, "and I've seldom seen a pluckier thing than Alec did."

The old man looked at me, and immediately changed the subject.

When tea (a remarkably substantial meal, by the way) was over, the farm-servants and the old woman who acts as housemaid were called into the large parlour in which we were sitting for prayers, or, as they call it here, "worship." I can't say I was edified, Sophy. I dare say I am not a particularly good judge of these matters, but really there seemed to me a very slight infusion of worship about the ceremony. First of all Bibles were handed round, and Mr. Lindsay proceeded to read a few lines from a metrical version of the Psalms, beginning in the middle of a Psalm for the excellent reason that they had left off at that point on the preceding evening. Then they began to sing the same verses to a strange, pathetic melody. Margaret led the time, and it was a pleasure to listen to her sweet unaffected notes, but the rough grumble of the old men and Betty's discordant squeak produced a really ridiculous effect. Then a chapter was read from the Bible, and then we rose up, turned round, and knelt down at the chairs on which we had been sitting. Mr. Lindsay began an extempore prayer, which was partly an exposition of the chapter we had just heard read, and partly an address to the Almighty, which I won't shock you by describing. At the end of the prayer were some

practical petitions, amongst them one on behalf of "the stranger within our gates," by which phrase your humble servant was indicated. The instant the word "Amen" escaped from the lips of my host, there was a sudden shuffling of feet, and the little congregation had risen to their feet and were in full retreat before I had realized that the service was at an end. I fully expected that this conduct would have called down a reproof from Mr. Lindsay, but it seemed to be accepted on all hands as the ordinary custom. Half an hour afterwards I was sound asleep.

I waked next morning to a glorious day. The harvest is late in these parts, you know, and the "happy autumn fields," some half cut, some filled with "stooks" of corn, were stretching before my window down to a hollow, which I judged to be the bed of a river.

After breakfast I had an interview with my host, and managed to get my future arrangements put upon a proper footing. Of course I could not stay here for an indefinite time at Mr. Lindsay's expense; and though at first he scouted the proposal, I got him to consent that I should set up an establishment of my own in two half-empty rooms—the house is twice as large as the family requires—and be practically independent. I could see that the old man had a struggle between his pride and his love of hospitality on the one hand, and the prospect of letting part of his house to a good tenant on the other; but I smoothed matters a little by asking to be allowed to remain his guest until Monday. Poor man, I am sorry for him. He used to be a well-to-do if not a wealthy "laird," and owned not only the Castle Farm but one or two others. Now, in consequence of his having become surety for a friend who left him to pay the piper, and several bad seasons, he has been forced to sell one farm and mortgage the other so heavily that he is practically worse off than if he were a tenant of the mortgagees. This "come down" in the world has soured his temper, and developed a stinginess which I think is foreign to his real nature. I fancy, too, he had a great loss when his wife died. She was a woman, I am told, of education and refinement. It must have been from her that Margaret got her beauty, and Alec his fine black eyes.

But I have not told you what the neighbourhood is like. Well, the farmhouse is built on the side of a knoll, and at the top is a very respectable ruin. The castle, from which the farm

takes its name, must have been a strong place at one time. The keep is still standing, and its walls are quite five feet thick. Besides the keep, time has spared part of the front, some of the buttresses, and some half-ruined doorways and windows. But the whole place is overgrown with weeds and nettles. No one takes the slightest interest in this relic of another age: nobody could tell me who built it, or give me even a shred of a legend about its history.

As I was wandering about the walls of the ruin, trying to select a point from which to sketch it, I was joined by Alec Lindsay. He had one or two books under his arm; and he stopped short on seeing me, as if he had not expected to find any one there.

"Don't let me interrupt you," I said, beginning to move away. "You make this place your study, I see."

"Sometimes I bring my books up here," he replied. "No one ever disturbs me here. There is a corner under the wall of the tower which is quite sheltered from the wind. Even the rain can hardly reach it, and I have a glorious view of the sunset when I sit there on fine evenings."

"I should like to see the place," said I, anxious to put the lad at his ease; and he led me to a corner among the ruins from which, as he said, a wide view was obtained. Near at hand were pastures and harvest-fields. Beyond them was the bed of the river, fringed with wood, and the horizon was bounded by low moorland hills.

"From the top of that one," said Alec, pointing to one of the hills, "you can catch a glint of the sea. It shines like a looking-glass. I would like to see it near at hand."

"Have you never been to the seaside?" I asked. I must have betrayed my surprise by my voice, for the boy blushed as he answered:

"No; I have been to Glasgow once or twice, but I have never been to the salt water." (The seaside is always spoken of as "the coast" or "the salt water" in this part of the country.) "I have never been beyond Muirburn, except once or twice in my life," he added as a look of discontent which I fancied I had detected in his face grew stronger.

"May I look at your books?" I asked, by way of changing the subject.

"Oh, yes, they're not much to look at," he said with a blush.

I took them up—a Greek grammar, and a school-book containing simple passages of Greek for translation, with a vocabulary at the end of the volume.

"Is this how you spend your leisure time?" I asked.

"Not always—not very often," answered Alec. "Often I am lazy and go in for Euclid and algebra—I like them far better than Greek. And sometimes," he added with hesitation, as if he were confessing a fault, "sometimes I waste my time with a novel."

"I would not call it wasting time if you read good novels," said I. "What do you read?"

"Only Sir Walter and old volumes of *Blackwood*; they are all I have got."

"You could not do better, in my opinion," said I, emphatically. "Such books are just as necessary for your education as a Greek delectus."

"Do you think so?" said the lad, with wondering eyes. "These are not my father's notions."

"Shall I leave you to your work now?" I asked, rising from the heather on which we were lying.

"I like to have you to talk to," said Alec, half shyly, half frankly. "I seldom do get any one to talk to."

"You have your sister," I said, involuntarily.

"Margaret is not like me. She has her own thoughts and her own ways; besides, she is a girl. Will you come and see the 'Lover's Leap'? It's a bonny place."

"Where is it?"

"Only half a mile up the Logan?"

"You mean the stream that runs through the valley down there?"

"No; that's the Nethan. The Logan falls into it about a mile further up."

We were descending the knoll as we talked; and on our way we passed a field where the reapers were at work. As we approached we saw a tall form leave the field and come towards us. It was Alec's father.

"I think, Alec," said the old man, "you would be better employed helping to stack the corn, if you're too proud to take a hand at the shearing, rather than walking about doing nothing."

The lad blushed furiously and said nothing.

"Alec meant to have been at work over his books," said I;

"but he was kind enough to show me something of the neighbourhood. It doesn't matter in the least, Alec; I can easily find my way alone."

"Oh, if you have any need for the boy, that's another matter," said Mr. Lindsay. I protested again that I could find my way perfectly well, and moved off, while Alec turned into the field with a set look about his mouth that was not pleasant to see.

The cause of the discontent I had seen in the lad's face was plain enough now. He is treated like a child, as if he had no mind or will of his own. I wonder how the boy will turn out. It seems to me a toss-up; or rather, the chances are that he will break away altogether and ruin himself.

I went on my way to the bank of the river, by the side of a double row of Scotch firs. It was one of those perfect September days when the air is still warm, when a thin haze is hanging over all the land, when there is no sound to be heard but now and then the chirp of a bird, or the far off lowing of cattle—a day in which it is enough, and more than enough, to sit still and drink in the silent influences of earth and heaven, when anything like occupation seems an insult to the sweetness and beauty of nature. Across the little river was a large plantation of firs, growing almost to the water's edge; and I could feel the balmy scent of them in the air.

As I reached the river I overtook Margaret Lindsay who was walking a little way in advance of me. She had a book under her arm, an old volume covered in brown leather. We greeted each other, and I soon found that she was bound, like myself, for the "Lover's Leap."

"I will show you the place," she said; "we must cross the river here." As she spoke she stepped on a large flat stone that lay at the water's edge; and I saw that a succession of such stones, placed at intervals of about a yard, made a path by which the river could be crossed. The current was pretty strong, and as the water was rushing fast between the stones (which barely showed their heads above the stream), I hastened to offer Margaret my hand. But the girl only glanced at me with a look of surprise, and with the nearest approach to a smile which I had seen in her face, she shook her head and began to walk over the stepping-stones with as much composure as if she had been moving across a floor. Now and then she had to make a slight spring to gain the next stone,

and she did so with the ease and grace of a fawn. I followed a little way behind, and when we had gained the opposite side we walked in single file along the river bank, till we came to the spot where the Logan came tumbling and dancing down the side of a rather steep hill to meet the larger stream. The hill was covered with brushwood and bracken, and a few scattered trees; but a path seemed to have been made through the bushes, and up this path we began to scramble. Once or twice I ventured to offer Margaret my hand, but she declined my help, saying that she could get on better alone.

After a few minutes of this climbing, Margaret suddenly moved to one side, and sprang down to a tiny morsel of gravelly beach, at the side of the burn. I followed her, and was fairly entranced by what I saw. A little way above us the gorge widened, allowing us to see the trees, which, growing on either side of the brook, interlaced their branches above it. From beneath the trees the stream made a clear downward leap, of perhaps thirty or forty feet, into a pool—the pool at our feet—which was so deep that it seemed nearly as black as ink. The music of the waterfall filled the air so that we could hardly catch the sound of each other's words; and if we moved to the farther end of the little margin of beach, we heard, instead of the noise of the waterfall, the sweet babbling of the burn over its stony bed.

"Do you often come here?" I asked, as Margaret and I were standing at the edge of the stream, some little distance from the fall.

"Yes, pretty often when I wish to be alone, or to have an hour's quiet reading."

"As you do to-day," said I; "that's as much as to say that you want to have an hour's quiet reading now."

"So I do," said the girl, calmly.

"Or, in other words, that it is time for me to take myself off."

"I did not mean that," said Margaret, with perfect placidity. "Would you like to go up to the top of the linn?"

"Very much," said I, and we scrambled up the bank to the upper level of the stream, and gazed down upon the black rushing water and the dark pool beneath, with its fringe of cream-coloured foam.

"So this is the 'Lover's Leap,'" I remarked.

"Yes," said Margaret. "They say that once a young man was carrying off his sweetheart, when her father and brothers

pursued them. As the only way of escape, he put his horse at the gap over our heads—it must have been narrower in those days than it is now—missed it, and killed both himself and the lady in the fall.”

“Dreadful!” I exclaimed.

“Of course it isn’t true,” pursued Margaret, tranquilly.

“Why not?” I asked.

“Oh, such stories never are, they are all romantic nonsense.”

“How different your streams are from those in the south,” said I, after a pause; “Tennyson’s description of a brook would hardly suit this one.”

“What is that?” she inquired.

“Don’t you know it?” I asked, letting my surprise get the better of my good manners.

“No, I never heard it,” she said, without the least tinge of embarrassment; so I repeated the well-known lines, to which Margaret listened with her eyes still fixed on the rushing water.

“They are very pretty,” said the girl, when I had finished; “but I should not care for a brook like that. I should think it would be very much like a canal, wouldn’t it?—only smaller. I like my own brook better; and I like Burns’ description of one better than Tennyson’s.”

“Has Burns described a brook? I wish you would quote it to me,” said I.

“Surely you know the lines,” said Margaret; “they are in ‘Hallowe’en.’”

I assured her I did not, and in a low clear voice she repeated:

Whyles ow’re a linn the burnie plays,
As through the glen it wimples;
Whyles round a rocky scaur it strays;
Whyles in a well it dimples.
Whyles glittin’ to the noontide rays,
Wi’ bickerin’, dancin’ dazzle,
Whyles cookin’ underneath the braes,
Below the spreading hazel.

“I think they are beautiful lines, so far as I understand them,” was my verdict. “What is ‘cookin’,’ for example? I know it does not mean frying, or anything of that kind, but——”

I stopped, for the girl looked half offended at my poor little attempt to be funny at the expense of a Scotch word.

“There is no word for it in English, that I know of,” she

said. "It means crouching down, contentedly, in a comfortable place. If you saw a hen on a windy day under a stook of corn, you might say it was 'cooking' there."

"Thank you," I replied; "I won't forget. And now I must be off, for I know you came here to read."

If in my vanity I had hoped for permission to remain, I was disappointed. Nothing of the kind was forthcoming.

"I hope you have got an interesting book," said I, wondering what the old brown-leather volume could be.

"You might not think it very interesting," answered Margaret, raising her lovely eyes to mine, as tranquilly as if she had been speaking of a newspaper. It is only a volume of old sermons. Good-bye till tea-time, Mr. Blake;" and so saying she turned to seek her favourite nook, at the side of the water-fall.

"Old sermons!" I exclaimed to myself as I left her. "What a singular girl she is. Fancy——" But my reflections were cut short, for I "lifted up mine eyes" and saw a mountain ash—they call them "rowan trees" here—full of berries. Sophy, such a tree is the most beautiful object in nature; there is no way of describing it, no way of putting its beauty into words. If you doubt what I say, look well at the next one you see, and then tell me if I am wrong. Good night.

Ever yours affectionately,

HUBERT BLAKE.

P.S. I mean to get M. to sit for her portrait to-morrow; but I see that in order to gain this end I shall have to use all my skill in diplomacy, both with the young lady and with her respected father.

H. B.

CHAPTER III.

HUBERT BLAKE TO SOPHY MEREDITH.

The Castle Farm, Muirburn, N.B.,

September 17.

MY DEAR SOPHY,—It did not occur to me, when I agreed to consider myself Mr. Lindsay's guest until to-day, that the arrangement would entail my spending the greater part of a glorious autumn day within the walls of the Muirburn Free

Kirk—but you shall hear. I suspected, from something which fell from my host at breakfast, that the excuses which I intended to offer for my not accompanying the family to church would not be considered sufficient; but when I ventured to hint at something of the kind my remark was received by such a horrified stare (not to speak of the look of consternation on Margaret's beautiful face), that I saw that to have made any further struggle for freedom would have been a positive breach of good manners. I submitted, therefore, with as good a grace as I could; and I was afterwards given to understand that to have absented myself from "ordinances" that Sunday would have been little short of scandal, seeing that it happened to be "Sacrament Sunday."

If you ask a Scotchman how many sacraments there are, he will answer, if he remembers the Shorter Catechism, two. If, however, he is taken unawares, he will answer, one. Baptism is popularly considered to be a mere ceremony, of no practical importance to the infant recipient of it. It is regarded chiefly as an outward sign and token of the respectability of the parents, since it is only administered to the children of well-behaved people. "The Sacrament" means the Lord's Supper, which is administered in Presbyterian churches generally four times, but in country places often only twice a year. This, as it happened, was one of the "quarterly" Communion, and as such popularly considered as of less dignity than those which occur at the old-fashioned seasons of July and January.

We set off about a quarter-past ten in the heavy, two-wheeled dog-cart which brought me here. I manifested an intention of walking to the village, and asked Alec to accompany me, but Mr. Lindsay intervened and protested strongly against my proposal. He said it would not be "seemly," by which I suppose he meant that it would be inconsistent with the dignity of the family, if a guest in his house were to be seen going to church on foot; but I could not help suspecting that he envied Alec and myself the sinful pleasure which a four-mile walk on so lovely a morning would have afforded us. I can see that my elderly cousin (three times removed) is one of those people who are thoroughly unhappy unless they get their own way in everything, and never enjoy themselves more than when they have succeeded in spoiling somebody's pleasure. I mentally resolved to have as little to do with the old gentleman as I possibly could, and mounted to the front seat of the dog-cart, which, as the place of honour, had been reserved for me.

As the old mare trotted soberly along, I could not help noticing the silence that seemed to brood over the fields. I have remarked the same thing in England, but somehow a Scotch Sunday seems even more still and quiet than an English one. Is it merely a matter of association and sentiment? Or is it that we miss on Sundays hundreds of trifling noises which on week days fall unconsciously upon our ears?

Presently we began to pass little knots of people trudging along churchwards. The old women carried their Bibles wrapped up in their pocket-handkerchiefs to preserve them from the dust, along with the usual sprig of southern-wood. The men, without exception, wore suits of black, shiny broadcloth. They seemed to be all farmers. Very few of the weavers or labourers have any religion whatever (so far as outward rites go), any more than your unworthy cousin; and I can't help thinking that the necessity for shiny black clothes has something to do with it. The women are different; as usual in all countries, and in all creeds, they are more devout than the men. On the way we passed a group of young women just inside a field not far from the town, who were sitting about and stooping in various attitudes. I could not conceive what they were about, and turned to my host for an explanation. He gravely informed me that they were putting on their shoes. Being accustomed throughout the week to dispense with these inventions of modern effeminacy, they find it extremely irksome to walk for miles over dusty roads in shoes and stockings. They therefore carry them in their hands till they reach some convenient field near the town which is the object of their journey, and then sitting down on the grass they array themselves in that part of their raiment before going into church.

We were now close to the town, and the sweet-toned little bell which I had heard on the evening of my arrival, along with a larger one of peculiarly strident tone in the belfry of the United Presbyterian Kirk, were "doing their best." There were whole processions of gigs or dog-carts such as that in which we were seated. No other style of vehicle was to be seen.

I was rather amused to see that the corner at which on week days the weavers stand in their shirt-sleeves was not left unoccupied. The place was crowded with farmers, most of them highly respectable looking men, clad in long black coats and tall hats. As to the hats, by the way, they were of all shapes which have been in fashion for the last twenty years, some of

them taller than I should have supposed it possible for a hat to be.

We alighted at the door of an inn, and I noticed that the inn yard was crowded with "machines," *i.e.*, dog-carts and gigs, which I thought pretty fair evidence of the prosperity of the country. Then we proceeded to our place of worship. In the little vestibule was a tall three-legged stool covered with a white napkin, and upon this rested a large pewter plate to receive the contributions of the faithful. Two tall farmers, dressed in swallow-tail coats, tall hats, and white neckties of the old-fashioned, all-round description, were standing over the treasury, and in one of them I recognized my acquaintance of the coach. I was prepared to nod him a greeting, but he preserved the most complete immobility of countenance, and kept his gaze fixed on the horizon outside the church door as if no nearer object was worthy of his attention.

I found the church filled with dreadfully narrow pews of unpainted wood, and facing them an immensely tall pulpit, with a subsidiary pulpit in front of the other at a lower elevation. There were carpets on the stair-case which led up to the pulpits, and the desks of both were covered with red cloth, with elaborate tassels. From either side of the upper pulpit there projected slender, curving brass rods about two feet long, terminating in broad pieces of brass, fixed at right angles to the rods. What the use of this apparatus was I could not imagine. A steep gallery ran round three sides of the little building; and in front of the pulpit was a table covered with a white cloth.

I was not so uncharitable as to suppose that those who came here to worship were guilty of any intentional irreverence, but certainly they carried out the theory that no reverence ought to be paid to sacred places very completely. No male person removed his hat till he was well within the doors; and in many cases men did not uncover themselves till they were comfortably seated. No one so much as thought of engaging in any private devotions. I was surprised to see that the congregation (which was, for the size of the building, a large one), was composed chiefly of women and children; but as soon as the bells stopped ringing, a great clatter of heavy boots was heard in the stone vestibule, and the heads of families whom I had seen standing at the corner, poured into the place. Like wise men, they had been taking the benefit of the fresh air till the last available moment.

Hardly had the farmers taken their seats, when a man appeared, dressed entirely in black, carrying an enormous Bible, with two smaller books placed on the top of it. Ascending the pulpit stairs, he placed one of the smaller books on the desk of the lower pulpit; and then, going a few steps higher, he deposited the other two volumes on the desk of the higher one. He then retired, and immediately the minister, a tall, dark man, with very long black hair, wearing an immense gown of black silk, black gloves, and white bands such as barristers wear, entered the church and ascended to the pulpit. He was followed by an older man dressed in a stuff gown, who went into the lower pulpit. Last of all came the door-keeper, who also went up the pulpit stairs and carefully closed the pulpit door after the minister. The man in the stuff gown was left to shut his own door, and he did so with a bang, as if in protest at the want of respect shown to him, and his inferior position generally.

The ritual part, as I may call it, of the service being over, the minister rose and gave out a psalm, just as old Mr. Lindsay does at prayers; and as he did so, the man in the stuff gown got up, and pulling out two thin black boards from under his desk, he skilfully fixed one of them on the end of the brass rod which projected from the right-hand side of the pulpit; and then, turning half round, he fixed the other upon the similar rod on the left-hand side. On each of these boards I read, in large gilt letters, the word "Martyrdom." I could not imagine, even then, the meaning of this ceremony; but Alec informed me afterwards that it was meant to convey to the congregation the name of the tune to which the psalm was to be sung, so that they might turn it up in their tune-books, if they felt so inclined.

When the minister had read the verses which he wished to have sung, he gave out the number of the psalm again in a loud voice, and read the first line a second time, so that there might be no mistake. He then sat down, and the little man beneath him, rising up, began to sing. I very nearly got into trouble at this point by rising to my feet, forgetting for the moment that the orthodox Scotch fashion is to sit while singing and to stand at prayer. (I am told that in the towns a good many churches have adopted the habit of standing up to sing and keeping their seats during the prayer; but older Presbyterians look upon this custom, as, if not exactly heretical, yet objectionable, as tending in the direction of ritualism, prelacy, and other abominations.) For a line or two the precentor was

left to sing by himself, then one or two joined in, and presently the whole body of the congregation took up the singing. I was surprised to find what a good effect resulted—it was at least infinitely better than that of an ordinary choir of mixed voices led by a vile harmonium or American organ. Many of the voices were rough, no doubt; and the precentor seemed to make it a point of honour to keep half a note ahead of everybody else; but in spite of this, the general effect of so many sonorous voices singing in unison was decidedly impressive.

As soon as the four prescribed verses had been sung, the minister rose up to pray, and everybody got up at the same time. You know I am not easily shocked, Sophy; and hitherto, though I had seen much that was ludicrous and strange, I had not seen anything that I considered specially objectionable; but I must say that the behaviour of these good folks at the prayer which followed did shock me. They simply stood up and stared at each other; perhaps I noticed it more particularly because I, being a stranger, came in for a good share of attention. Many of the men kept their hands in their pockets; some were occupied in taking observations of the weather, through the little windows of plain glass, half the time. The minister, I noticed, kept his hands clasped and his eyes tightly closed; and some of his flock, among whom were my host and his daughter, followed his example; but the majority, as I have said, simply stared around them. They may have been giving, meanwhile, a mental assent to the truths which the minister was enunciating; I dare say some of them were; but as far as one could judge from outward appearances they were no more engaged in praying than they were engaged in ploughing. The prayer lasted a very long time; when it was over we heard a chapter read, and after another part of a psalm was sung, the sermon began. This was evidently the event of the day to which everything said or done hitherto had been only an accessory; and everybody settled himself down in his seat as comfortably as he could.

From what I had heard of Scotch sermons I was prepared for a well-planned logical discourse, and the sermon I now heard fulfilled that description. But then it was, to my mind at least, entirely superfluous. Granting the premisses, (as to which no one in the building, excepting perhaps, my unworthy self, entertained the slightest doubt), the conclusion followed as a matter of course, and hardly needed a demonstration

lasting fifty minutes by my watch. I was so tired with the confinement in a cramped position and a close atmosphere that I very nearly threw propriety to the winds and left the building. Fortunately, however, just before exhausted nature succumbed, the preacher began what he called the "practical application of the foregoing," and I knew that the time of deliverance was at hand. And I must say that, judging from the fervour with which the concluding verses of a psalm were sung, I was not alone in my feeling of relief. As soon as the psalm was ended everybody rose, and the preacher, stretching out his arms over his flock, pronounced a solemn benediction. The "Amen" was hardly out of the good man's mouth, when a most refreshing clatter arose. No one resumed his seat. Everybody hurried into the narrow passages, which were in an instant so crammed that moving in them was hardly possible. Here, again, I am convinced that there was no intentional irreverence; it was merely a custom arising from the extremely natural desire of breathing the fresh air after the confinement we had undergone. As we passed out I overheard several casual remarks about the sermon, which was discussed with the utmost freedom.

"Maister McLeod was a wee thocht dry the day," said one farmer.

"But varra guid—varra soon'," responded his neighbour.

"I thought he micht ha' made raither mair o' that last pint," said the first speaker.

"Weel—maybe," was the cautious reply.

We went over to the inn for a little refreshment, and in three quarters of an hour the bells began to jangle once more. This was more than I had bargained for; but there was no help for it. I could not offend my host by retreating; and besides, I was desirous of seeing for myself what a Scottish Communion Service was like.

After the usual singing of a few verses of a psalm, and prayer, the minister descended from the pulpit, and took his place beside the table beneath, on which there had now been placed two loaves of bread, and four large cups of pewter. From this position he delivered an address, and after it a prayer. He then took a slice from one of the loaves of bread which were ready cut before him, broke off a morsel for himself, and handed the piece of bread to one of several elderly men, called "elders," who were seated near him. This man broke off a morsel in the same way, and handed the remainder of the bread to another,

and so on till all the elders had partaken. Four of the elders then rose, and two went down one side of the church, and two down the other side, one of each pair bearing a plate covered with a napkin, and holding a loaf of bread cut in slices, which they distributed among those of the congregation who were sitting in the centre of the church, and who alone were about to partake in the rite. The ceremony is, in fact, very much, or altogether the same as the "love-feasts" among the Methodists; except that the Methodists use water while the Presbyterians use wine. There is nothing of the sacramental character left in the ordinance; it is avowedly a commemorative and symbolic rite, and nothing more.

In the meantime perfect silence reigned in the little building. There was literally not a sound to be heard but the chirping of one or two sparrows outside the partly opened windows. Have you ever noticed how impressive an interval of silence is at any meeting of men, especially when they are met together for a religious purpose? Silence is never vulgar; and it almost seems as if any form of worship in which intervals of silence form a part were redeemed thereby from vulgarity. Whatever may have been the reason, this service impressed me, I must confess, in a totally different way from that in which the long sermon in the morning had done.

Suddenly a gentle falsetto voice fell upon my ear; and looking up, I saw that the elders, having finished their task, had returned to the table, and that a little white-haired man had risen to address the people. He wore no gown, but he had on a pair of bands, like his friend Mr. McLeod, which gave him a comical sort of air. This, however, as well as the curious falsetto or whining tone in which his voice was pitched, was forgotten when one began to listen. The old man had chosen for his text one of the most sacred of all possible subjects to a Christian; and no one who heard him could doubt that he was speaking from his heart. A deeper solemnity seemed to fall upon the silent gathering. I glanced around, but whatever emotions were excited by the touching address, none of them were suffered to appear on the faces of the people. On Alec Lindsay's face, alone, I noticed a look of wrapt attention; his sister's beautiful features seemed as if they had been carved in marble.

Before the old minister sat down he raised one of the large cups (which had been previously filled with wine from a flagon),

and handed it to one of the elders, who, after drinking from it, passed it to his neighbour. After the ministers and elders had tasted the wine, two of them rose and each proceeded down one of the passages, bearing two of the large pewter cups, while he was followed by one of his fellows carrying a flagon. The cups were handed to the people still sitting in the pews, exactly as the bread had been, and circulated from one to another till all the communicants had partaken of the wine. Then followed another address, from the black-haired gentleman this time; and with a prayer and a little more singing, the ceremony came to an end.

As we emerged into the afternoon sunshine and waited for "the beast to be put in," as the innkeeper called it, I could not be sorry that I had sacrificed my inclinations and had seen something of the practice of religion in this country.

But I dare say you have had enough of my experiences for the present—so, good night.

Your affectionate cousin,

HUBERT BLAKE.

Reviews.

I.—LIVES OF THE SAINTS AND BLESSED OF THE THREE ORDERS OF ST. FRANCIS.¹

WHEN St. Ignatius, not yet converted to God, lay sick with his broken leg after the siege of Pampeluna, having exhausted the romances within his reach, he turned for lack of anything more attractive to some lives of the Saints that happened to be at hand. As soon as he began to read what was to him a new kind of literature, he found, soldier and worldling as he was, that they were far more interesting than the stories of love and adventure that he had previously been devouring. Quite apart from their supernatural aspect, they were preferable merely as curious histories, and with all their miracles were more true to nature than the offspring of the imagination of the Spanish romancers.

The same thought occurs to us as we read the simple and simply told Lives of the various Saints of the Three Orders of St. Francis: they are more entertaining than any novel, and the pictures of life are such as to make more impression on the healthy imagination than the overstrained and overstrung phantasies of the modern sensational novelist. Of course they vary in interest: some of them are in themselves more full of curious incident, others are more graphically told, but they are almost all interesting, and he who has them on his shelves cannot fill up his stray half hours more profitably than by reading one here, one there, missionary or martyr, lay-brother or priest, or Holy Virgin, or illustrious penitent.

The first two volumes we have already noticed, and of the third we cannot give a better description than by saying that it is on a par with its predecessors. Some of the lives in it are

¹ *Lives of the Saints and Blessed of the Three Orders of St. Francis.* Translated from the *Auréole Séraphique* of the Very Rev. Father Leon, ex-Provincial of the Friars Minor of the Observance. Vol. III. Taunton: Published by the Franciscan Convent, 1886.

most touching and beautiful, notably those of St. Rose of Viterbo, St. Louis, King of France, and St. Joseph of Cupertino. St. Rose, though she was but a child at the time of her death, was raised up to oppose the Emperor of Germany, Frederick the Second, who had persecuted the Pope and driven him into exile. Rose was a Saint and wonder-worker from her infancy. As soon as she could walk she retired into quiet spots to pray; she wore a hair shirt and took the discipline almost from babyhood. She worked a miracle when three years old.

One of her maternal aunts had just died. The body was resting on the bier, and the family were weeping round it, praying for the dead. Deeply moved by the sorrow of her parents and relations, Rose went close to the coffin, raising her eyes to Heaven, she prayed silently. Then placing her little hand on the body, she called her aunt by her name. The dead woman opened her eyes, rose up and returned thanks to God and embraced her holy little niece. The wonder of the miracle was soon known through the entire town. Many were converted to a good life by it, it strengthened the faith of others, and the little child was venerated by all (p. 100).

She began to preach at ten years old.

It was a strange sight, this child, in her coarse habit, with a cord round her waist, speaking with inspired voice. Those who looked on to mock soon had their hearts softened with compunction for their sins. For four years this mission was carried on among the inhabitants of Viterbo. She preached in the public squares against vice and all sorts of sin, she explained to her hearers the truths of faith against the errors of heretics and schismatics, corroborating her words by numerous and well chosen passages from the Holy Scriptures and the Fathers, so that even learned people were full of admiration. . . . When the holy child preached in the public places, she was so small that she had to stand on a high bench or stone, so as to be heard by the immense crowd. Several times the stone on which she stood was raised in the air, and she was seen sustained there, by a miracle, the crowd silent with astonishment. When the discourse was ended the stone softly descended to the ground (p. 102).

Very different, but none the less wonderful, was the life of St. Louis, King of France, the saintly son of a holy mother. There would be many more saints in the world if every Christian mother were to talk to her children as Blanche of Castile used to talk to her little Louis.

"My son," this virtuous mother often said to her child, "My son, God alone knows the affection I bear for you, but, deep and fervent as

is the love of my heart, I would far rather see you stretched dead at my feet than know that your conscience was sullied by one single mortal sin." This holy teaching sank deep into the heart that grace had prepared for it, and the seed, sown in the good ground, brought forth abundant fruit (p. 51).

Louis was a thoroughly good Franciscan, devoted to the Friars Minor. He loved his religious habit, wearing it under his ordinary clothes, but publicly on special occasions.

St. Louis held the habit of the Third Order in such great veneration that he wore it publicly on solemn feasts, and when he made any pilgrimage, and when he went to do battle against the infidels. And God indeed glorified this profound humility and the esteem which the holy king had for his garb of penitence, by the public chastisement which was inflicted on an impious courtier of the Count of Flanders, who, when asked by his master on his return from the court of France, whether he had seen the king, replied with a coarse jest, "Yes I saw that bigot in his monk's frock." He was instantly punished for his sacrilegious insolence, he fell down as if struck with epilepsy, his neck twisted, his eyes staring wildly, his face frightful to look on, and his whole body racked by sharp pains (p. 61).

His charity to the poor and his delight in performing menial services are well known. When travelling he visited the hospitals, and chose out those whose diseases were most horrible as the objects of his tender care. Every Friday and Saturday he washed the feet of thirteen poor men.

Once it happened that one of these poor men, who did not know the king, said to him with much simplicity, "Wash me more carefully, my feet are not clean enough yet." Those present, much astonished that he should dare thus to speak to the king, reproved him for being so exacting, but the holy king complied with the poor fellow's desire, washed his feet afresh and devoutly kissed them (p. 70).

Perhaps the life of St. Joseph of Cupertino is the most wonderful of all. Admitted a Capuchin lay-brother at the age of seventeen, his continual ecstasies made him useless. If he were setting the refectory, he was sure to let the plates drop, until at length the Superiors sent him away almost broken-hearted, as too eccentric for religious life. Subsequently he was admitted among the Conventuals, and had to take care of the community mule, as fit for nothing else. After a time his sanctity was discovered. His Superiors wished him to study for the priesthood. But study he could not: he simply learned nothing. Yet when he presented himself for examination he

surpassed the most learned men in the subtlety and depth of his answers. When ordained priest he lived in an atmosphere of miracles. They were as ordinary with him as to most men are the common actions of every-day life. He was almost always in an ecstasy. His Superiors did not venture to let him take part in any public ceremony. It is said that his feet touched the earth for little more than half his life. Like St. Francis, the brute beasts obeyed him instinctively.

During his residence at the Grottella, the Saint was accustomed to go every Saturday, to the little chapel of St. Barbara to recite the Litanies of the Blessed Virgin. The shepherds and poor people of the neighbourhood went in crowds to be present at this devotion. One Saturday the peasants were all occupied with the harvest so that when the Saint arrived he found no one there. This made him sigh as he gazed round the country, covered with sheep quietly grazing. Then he cried out to the scattered flocks, "Sheep of God, run, come to honour the Mother of God, who is your Mother also." Instantly the different flocks of sheep jumped over their barriers and bounded towards the chapel. In vain the shepherds tried to keep them back by cries and sticks, the sheep rushed along and surrounded the Saint, answering each invocation of the Litany by their bleating. When it was over the Saint blessed them and they returned to their pastures (p. 213).

But we must resist the temptation of further quotation, and refer our pious readers to the volume itself. Besides the lives we have mentioned, there are others of St. Roch, St. Bridget of Sweden, St. John Capistran, St. Peter of Alcantara, and many more.

2.—LIFE OF BROTHER PAUL O'CONNOR.¹

This brief and unpretending memoir of a son of Erin is important and valuable, as affording an example of how widespread and lasting may be the influence acquired, and how incalculable the amount of good effected, by the life-long devotion and unceasing exertion of one in whose career the superficial observer sees little to excite wonder and admiration, who is of humble station, and undistinguished by any extraordinary talents or exterior gifts.

Very little is recorded of the subject of this memoir in his early days. He was the son of a farmer in Carlow, an intelligent bright boy, an apt scholar, and foremost in every boyish

¹ *The Life of Brother Paul J. O'Connor.* Dublin: M. H. Gill and Son, 1887.

sport and enterprise. He possessed a special talent for managing others, and when his own studies were ended, he opened a school in a town near his home, and attracted a good number of scholars. Before long the Divine voice made itself heard, calling him to the religious life; he consequently joined the Society of Brothers of St. Patrick, which was then a small and struggling community, recently founded in Tullow by the zealous Bishop of the diocese, with the object of providing for the moral and religious education of the poorer classes, at that time in a deep state of ignorance. When the time for his profession approached, Brother Paul felt a strong desire for the solitude and austerities of the monastic life, as practised in the Cistercian Order, but on disclosing this desire to the Bishop, and asking counsel of him, the Prelate bade him persevere in the course on which he had entered. Brother Paul obeyed, and he never regretted his choice, although at a later period the same longing returned, and he had again to be restrained by his Superiors from following the impulse of his heart.

A year after Brother Paul had made his profession, he was sent to found a house of the Order in Galway. On January 15, 1827, he and his companions entered the new monastery and commenced their labours, the funds in hand consisting of one shilling. It was at first uphill work, and Brother Paul was beset with serious trials, but he found ample field for his zeal, for though Galway was always a Catholic city, and had afforded a refuge to ecclesiastics in the days of persecution, the state of society was sadly in need of reform, and this was especially true of the youth of the humbler classes. Finding that great indifference prevailed on the subject of education, Brother Paul issued a series of letters, addressed to both parents and children, setting forth the advantages of a sound religious and secular training, instructing them in their respective duties, and admonishing them to fulfil them with fidelity. Before the school had been a year in operation, the improvement in the youth of the city was so evident that at a public meeting the thanks of the assembly were voted to the teachers whose labours had effected such happy results; and as years went on, the schools originally intended for the poor were held in such high esteem on account of the order and discipline maintained, and the excellence of the instruction imparted, that many parents in a better position allowed their sons to attend them. In addition to the schools, Brother Paul inaugurated another most important work, a Society under the patronage of

St. Aloysius for the benefit of boys and young men, in view of rendering permanent the good that had been done, and preserving them from the contagion of evil example. One of the earliest and most illustrious members of this Guild—which became the fruitful mother of many priests and holy religious—was Father Burke, who had been brought up in the schools of St. Patrick. In after life the celebrated Dominican loved to speak of Brother Paul as his greatest benefactor, and whenever he returned to Galway, his first visit was to him. "One of the dearest memories of my life," he on one occasion said, "is that when a boy I was a member of the Aloysian Society, and that I was taught the love of God by the founder of that Society." Again: "I have been in many climes and have visited many lands, and nothing I ever heard could be compared in value to the words of wisdom that fell from the lips of Brother O'Connor."

In the time of the famine, that gloomy period of Irish history, when a torrent of desolation swept over the land, public works were stopped, the potatoe crop failed, and the people flocked into the towns to avoid the alternative of starving in the country, Brother Paul laboured with a love, zeal, and perseverance almost unparalleled, to alleviate the sufferings of the poor. He solicited and received alms from England and America to maintain the Breakfast Institute he established, whereby food and clothing were provided for no less than one thousand hungry boys daily. We are told that

The people seemed to be impressed with the idea that he was under some kind of obligation to feed and clothe their children, wherever the money came from. Such salutations as the following were commonly addressed to him, at his return to the monastery after Mass: "Here, Brother Paul, here's these two little boys for you. I can't get a bit for myself, let alone for them, I give them up to you. Do the best you can for them." Brother Paul always cheerfully accepted the *onus*, which of course helped to secure for him a continuation of such patronage (p. 142).

Nothing could exceed the attachment with which Brother Paul's pupils clung to him. Hundreds of Galway boys, when grown to man's estate and scattered in all parts of the world, took pride in stating that they received their early training from him, and expressing their sense of the debt of gratitude they owed him. Men who by their talents and industry had won their way to wealth and distinction, were ready to acknowledge

that they owed their success to the lessons of wisdom, virtue and knowledge imparted by Brother O'Connor; while those less fortunate ones whose lot it was to struggle with adversity would say that they were enabled to keep their faith and seek consolation in religion, by calling to mind the instructions they had received from the same beloved teacher and guide. As a Religious Superior, Brother Paul showed himself equally judicious and wise.

To a novice who was eager to imitate the practices of a very holy person whose life he had been reading, he said: "Oh! he was a great Saint; you are only a plain countryman—go and sweep the oratory."

One day a pious person called at the monastery to solicit Brother Paul's prayers and get his blessing. The Brother who was the bearer of this message was one who had formed rather favourable ideas of his own progress in piety, and of the esteem in which he was held by externs. Brother Paul said he was particularly engaged at the time, but deputed the messenger to give the blessing that was asked. The embassy was rather embarrassing, but he had to go, and had the mortification to learn that the offer of his blessing and prayers were respectfully declined. By such means as these he taught his young novices to conquer their self-will and judgment, and submit themselves entirely to the guidance of their Superiors (pp. 176, 177).

The biographer gives but few glimpses of Brother Paul's interior life, but it is scarcely necessary to say that a man who could so well prepare others for the battle of life understood thoroughly how to conquer himself; that one who laboured so successfully derived his strength and wisdom from the practice of recollection and prayer. Nor did he allow advanced years and enfeebled health to dispense him from active work, or from the exact observance of the minutest points of his Rule; an express command from the Bishop was needed to induce him to forego his penances and relax his fasts. He entered on his eternal rest in 1878, having reached a good old age, and his funeral was attended by a vast concourse of persons of every rank, many of whom had come from a great distance to pay this last tribute of respect to his memory.

3.—THE PASSION AND THE DEATH OF JESUS CHRIST.¹

This volume is a complete treasure-house of meditations on the Passion of our Lord and of suitable readings for the time of Lent. There is a simplicity about St. Alphonsus that was one of the characteristics of his sanctity, and at the same time a fertility of idea and thought that gives an interest to all that he writes. He has also a wonderful power of collecting together beautiful thoughts from other writers and appropriate anecdotes from the lives of the Saints. It is perfectly marvellous how he can have found time to read all the books from which he quotes, or rather it would be marvellous if he had not been a Saint and gifted with that wonderful power of making time elastic that so often accompanies sanctity.

No one can ever attain to a high level in the spiritual life without a tender devotion to the Passion of Jesus Christ. It is the source and spring of all other devotions. It is the appointed means for resisting temptation, as St. Peter tells us, and especially for resisting temptations against holy purity. No wonder then that a Saint who had always preserved intact his own baptismal innocence and had received from God a special gift of aiding others in struggles against the flesh, should inculcate a devotion to the Passion on those who desire to live a life of innocence, and should dwell with loving fondness on Jesus suffering and Jesus crucified.

The first hundred and fifty pages of the volume consist of Reflections and Affections on the Passion. They put before us the love shown by our Blessed Lord in the different parts of His sufferings. Each of the various headings into which they are divided provides admirable matter for a short meditation: almost all of them centre round some appropriate text of Holy Scripture. The second portion of the book is a more detailed and systematic exposition of the Gospel narrative of the Passion. It would form excellent spiritual reading for Lent, combining as it does the text of Holy Scripture with the pious reflections of the Saint himself and those he has gathered from the writings of others. The style is simple and unpretentious, suitable to all. Next come some general considerations on the necessity of a Redeemer, the Messianic prophecies, the insults offered to Him

¹ *The Passion and the Death of Jesus Christ.* By St. Alphonsus de Liguori. Edited by the Rev. Eugene Grimm, C.S.S.R. The Centenary Edition. Vol. V. New York, &c.: Benziger Brothers, 1887.

while hanging on the Cross, the prodigies which accompanied His death, and the obligation to suffer with Him. The rest of the volume consists of set meditations on the Passion and some miscellaneous exercises connected with it.

We give a couple of examples of the style, and the thoughts scattered up and down in it. The first is taken from the Reflections on the Last Words of Jesus.

Jesus, drawing nigh unto death, said, "*Sitio*," I thirst. Tell me, Lord, says Leo of Ostia, for what dost Thou thirst? Thou makest no mention of those immense pains which Thou dost suffer upon the Cross; but Thou complainest only of thirst: "Lord, what dost Thou thirst for? Thou art silent about the Cross, and criest out about the thirst." "My thirst is for your salvation," is the reply which St. Augustine makes for Him. O soul, says Jesus, this thirst of mine is nothing but the desire which I have for thy salvation. He, the loving Redeemer, with extremest ardour, desires our souls, and therefore He panted to give Himself wholly to us by His death. This was His thirst, wrote St. Laurence Justinian: "He thirsted for us, and desired to give Himself to us." St. Basil of Seleucia says, moreover, that Jesus Christ, in saying that He thirsted, would give us to understand that He, for the love which He bore us, was dying with the desire of suffering for us even more than what He had suffered: "O that desire, greater than the Passion!" (pp. 124, 125).

The second is one of the three points of the Meditation on Behold the Man!

At the same time that Pilate is exhibiting the wounded Jesus to the Jews, the Eternal Father is from Heaven inviting us to turn our eyes to behold Jesus Christ in such a condition, and in like manner says to us, *Behold the Man!* O men, this Man whom you behold thus wounded and set at naught, He is My beloved Son, who is suffering all this in order to pay the penalty of your sins; behold Him, and love Him. O my God and my Father, I do behold thy Son, and I thank Him, and love Him, and hope to love Him always; but do Thou, I pray Thee, behold Him also, and for this Thy Son have mercy upon me; pardon me, and give me the grace never to love anything apart from Thee (p. 442).

This edition of St. Alphonsus' works is beautifully printed, and forms a splendid series of volumes. We hope that it will progress to a successful completion under the able editorship of the American Redemptorists.

4.—THE GERMAN PEOPLE AT THE CLOSE OF THE
MIDDLE AGES.¹

Since the death of Von Ranke at a patriarchal age in the May of last year, there is no one, we believe, who has a better claim to the foremost place amongst living German historians, than the author of the work before us, the Catholic John Janssen. A specialist who has given his life to the study of one great epoch in all its bearings, a conscientious labourer in the field of original research accepting nothing at second-hand but deriving the best part of his materials from the well-springs of history, which he has often been the first to render accessible, a man of broad views and keen discrimination, writing with a clear and telling style and scrupulously fair minded even by the confession of his adversaries—it would be strange indeed if such a writer did not make his mark upon the intellectual public of the Fatherland. That he has not failed to do so, is as clearly attested by the immense sale of his great work as by the storm of applause, of protest and of discussion which has followed the appearance of each successive volume. In reviewing the French translation of a book so well known we shall be relieved of the necessity of vindicating our judgment of its merits. These the author's fellow-countrymen have established long ago. Let it suffice here to give a brief outline of its character and object.

Dr. Janssen's work begins with the middle of the fifteenth century, and it has for its principal aim to trace out for us the whole of the Reformation movement as it affected the people of Germany, in its causes, in its operation and its more immediate subsequent developments. The general title he has given to the whole is *The History of the German People from the End of the Middle Ages*, for like M. Taine in France and like Macaulay and the late Mr. J. R. Green in England he joins warmly in the modern protest against the "drum and trumpet" school of history. It is not, as he tells us, to the important events, to the most striking incidents in the domain of religion or politics that he would direct attention, but to the people themselves, to the growth of popular ideas, and to the state of civilization. The work, as its author has planned it, is to be completed in six volumes, of which five, bringing us down to the Thirty Years' War, have already been published in

¹ *L'Allemagne à la Fin du Moyen Age.* Par Jean Janssen ; traduit de l'Allemand sur la quatorzième édition. Paris : Plon, 1887.

the German edition ; but although these different volumes appear under one general title, each of them has a certain completeness of its own, which as in the case of M. Taine's *Ancien Régime* or the divisions of Mr. Gardiner's work on the Stuarts, warrants a separate heading. The first volume, *The General Condition of Germany at the end of the Middle Ages*, the translation of which is now under review, if anything, surpasses its successors in interest. It gives an account, such as can nowhere else be met with of the state of central Europe, under every conceivable aspect, religious, political, intellectual and domestic, at the dawn of the Reformation epoch. In no one respect has Dr. Janssen done more valuable service to the Catholic cause than in the masterly refutation he has given to the old Protestant tradition of pre-reformation barbarism. As he tells us in his Preface, he has himself often been filled with surprise in the course of his researches to find how utterly the facts of history are at variance with the popular ideas of this much maligned epoch. To give any notion of the mass of evidence and the profound study of detail upon which Dr. Janssen's conclusions are built up would be impossible in the space at our disposal, but we may find room for an extract from his last chapter stating some of these conclusions *en résumé*. He is speaking of the latter half of the fifteenth century:

The flourishing state of agriculture [he says], the excellent management of forests and vineyards, the extraordinary development of industry, the great mineral wealth of the soil, a thriving commerce, taking the lead of that of almost every other Christian nation—all these had contributed to make Germany the richest state in Europe. Day labourers and artisans in town and country alike were living under the most favourable conditions of material prosperity.

Take again another side of the picture:

On the other hand our best feelings are stirred at the sight of numberless works of mercy which the Church's teaching on the subject of good works calls into existence on every side. There are charitable institutions to devote themselves to the relief of every imaginable form of human misery. We see the most active and the most admirable charity displayed in hospitals, in the institutions of the Divine Providence, in orphanages, in hospices for travellers and poor pilgrims, as well as in the generous efforts made for the advancement of popular education, of science and of art. "In Popish days," wrote Luther, "men were compassionate and kind of heart. They gave cheerfully with open hand and in a spirit of devotion. Alms, legacies, endowments poured

in in streams." . . . Donations for charitable purposes were so numerous and so abundant that to support the poor there was then no need of State relief, no drawing upon municipal revenues, no annual taxation, no house to house collections. In town and country alike the periodical estimates of expenditure to be devoted to poor schools and workhouses were unknown; nay, our own age still reaps the benefit of a great number of foundations which were first established at this period.

But it is not only in these wider generalizations that Dr. Janssen's work is full of interest. No detail of mediæval life escapes him; and we may turn to his pages as to an historical encyclopedia in the fullest confidence of finding in a brief compass the most exact information supported by an irrefragable array of authorities. M. Drumont's late work for instance, *La France Juive*, suggests a question as to the position of the Jews and the grievances urged against them by the Christians of Germany of the fifteenth century. Dr. Janssen supplies us with an admirable and impartial statement of all the more striking facts. The Jews had long been, he tells us, the money-changers and money-lenders of the entire continent; they exacted quite commonly a rate of interest amounting to thirty or sometimes even to eighty per cent., and they reduced to beggary the poorer artisans and labourers by loans at short dates which they knew could never be repaid. On the other hand the historian shows how the Sovereign Pontiffs repeatedly intervened to obtain justice for the unfortunate victims of popular fury, and how the Christian speculators and trading companies who succeeded the Jews even surpassed them in their extortions. These facts are not new; but they are told here with admirable fairness, clearness and brevity.

It would be unnecessary to extend our notice of this great work further than to remark that the French translation is excellently done, if it were not for the fact that an English version of part of the same book has fallen in our way against which we think it a duty to utter a word of warning. About twelve months back a letter appeared in one or more of our leading Catholic journals complaining of the lukewarmness of Catholics in supporting Catholic literature, and quoting in illustration the cold reception accorded to a recent English version of Dr. Janssen's celebrated history. Now we are far from believing that English Catholics are exceptionally indifferent to good literature, religious or otherwise, and when we met with a copy of the work in question the reason of its

ill success, as we anticipated, was evident enough. *Traduttore traditore* is proverbial, but a more flagrant outrage upon the original work, or a more gross imposition upon book buyers than this so-called translation it would be difficult to meet with. As a specimen of English, not to be rivalled outside the pages of *English as she is spoke*, it is at times even amusing, but to read a hundred pages of it consecutively would give dyspepsia to the strongest literary digestion. Let two specimens suffice. They are in no way worse than a number of others that might be quoted from almost every paragraph.

It was one of the ages [Dr. Janssen is made to say of the end of the fifteenth century] most rich in thoughts and most fruitful in German history; upon the moral-religious, upon the governmental, and upon the scientific artistic ground, the true age of German reformation. Almost inexhaustible seemed the richness of great, noble, sharply marked personalities, which originated from their school-rooms and lecture-rooms and from their quiet studies of knowledge and art, the revolution of the spiritual life.

It is pretty clear that when our translator describes the Reformation epoch as "rich in personalities" and "fruitful in German history," he is speaking more truth than he wots of, although it is not too easy on a first perusal to determine his probable meaning. However so much for poor Dr. Janssen. Let us now hear the translator himself in his own Preface.

The tableau which is unrolled before us is rich in colour and full of life: the author considers in a most exceptional manner the entire, widely dispersed, especial literature, and he has also been able to make use of manuscripts and unprinted sources; cleverly he introduces the latter as self-speaking, and the mosaic formed by the quotations and the sources recalls to the reader the sentiments and thoughts of the time portrayed.

In noticing this last publication we have had a twofold object, first, to put any intending purchaser on his guard; secondly, to make it clear that the undertaking, abortive as we trust it has proved, need not deter any competent translator from attempting a good English version. There is no foreign work we know of, which we should so gladly welcome in an English dress, and we feel confident that, assuming the possibility of an adequate rendering (German historians it must be confessed, have not been too fortunate in their English translators—witness Mommsen, Schlosser, and the most recent victim,

Dr. Gneist), it would find a large sale amongst a wider public than our own Catholic community. In the meantime, for the benefit of that large class of readers to whom French is more familiar than the original German, we content ourselves with recommending cordially the present admirable edition.

5.—THE GREAT COMMENTARY OF CORNELIUS A LAPIDE.¹

Mr. Ross has taken up this useful and interesting work at the point where it was broken off by Dr. Mossman's death. With the present volume, the Gospel of St. Luke, the commentary of the Gospels is completed, and in his Preface Mr. Ross gives us the promise of the Acts of the Apostles and the remainder of the New Testament, to appear at regular intervals.

The Commentary of à Lape is no dry disquisition. His method makes his commentary not only a valuable work for proficient students of Holy Scripture, but it further brings the study of the sacred writings within the reach of all educated minds, and at the same time provides a delightful fund of sound, instructive, and devotional reading. Whilst the possession of a sure Catholic faith gives a firm tone to his treatment of the Word of God, his wonderful knowledge of the teaching of the Fathers adds great breadth and fulness. Hence we seem to be listening not to the single voice of one man, but rather to a grand chorus of harmony of the tradition of the Church of all ages. St. Luke's Gospel has a special charm of its own. It is the Gospel of the mysteries of the Nativity and Childhood of our Blessed Saviour, and the mercy of God is its great theme. The conversion of the Magdalene, the parables of the good Samaritan and the Prodigal Son are treated in this volume in a most charming and valuable fulness of manner. With some exceptions, which we shall notice shortly, the work of Cornelius à Lape loses none of its charms in the clear, pure, vigorous English of the present translation. Indeed we confess, that it seems to us to borrow a new beauty and allurements from its English dress.

We wish we could close our remarks here. In his Preface the editor has written: "It is believed that the present volume

¹ *The Great Commentary of Cornelius à Lapide.* Translated and Edited by G. Gould Ross D.C.L. St. Luke's Gospel. London: John Hodges, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden.

will be found as faithful a rendering of the original as are the three Gospels which have been already published." We do not express any opinion on the comparative question in this sentence; but, if the editor intends also to convey to his readers the absolute faithfulness of the rendering of the present volume, we regret we cannot give his statements an unqualified assent. We do not believe that anything has been added to the text of à Lapide, but the omissions are both frequent and of some significance in our belief. These occur in the very text of à Lapide and still more frequently in quotations from the Fathers of the Church and theologians. Our complaint is principally, though not entirely, in respect to the treatment of the first chapter, and especially to the large portion of it, in which à Lapide evolves from, and connects with, the Gospel narrative the Catholic teaching of the virtues, privileges, and dignity of the Mother of God. It is impossible, and we think unnecessary, to give anything like a full record of these opinion; suffice it to state, in order that our complaint may not appear trivial, that in four pages, viz. 24—27, which treat 29th to 34th verses of the first chapter of St. Luke, we have come across not less than ten of them. Two things have struck us with regard to them. Firstly, the testimonies of some of the more ancient Fathers, couched in language which perhaps the cold caution of this critical age would deem excessive, have been left out or curtailed. Then there are a number of passages omitted, which more or less directly bear on the Catholic doctrine of the *perpetual* virginity of the Blessed Virgin; and when we come to look for what à Lapide has written on verse 34, on the words "because I know not man," we found that the paragraph had been dropped out bodily. In this place à Lapide sets forth in express terms and illustrates by quotations the nature of our Blessed Lady's vow and her consequent perpetual virginity. But not so this translation. Here we have evidence of the teaching of the virginity of the Mother of God to a certain point. But on the precise doctrine of the perpetual virginity à Lapide is made to be silent in this portion of the translation, where indeed he ought to speak, if he and the Fathers, whose witness he everywhere adduces, had anything to say on the truth.

We have left ourselves but little space for the rest of the book. For the most part the rendering is faithful. In verse 47 of 7th chapter there is an inadequacy in the rendering in one place, and the sentence on page 211: "Further, a sin often

repeated," &c., gives something that looks like, but is quite different from the original. The passage is doctrinal, and is necessary for the author's argument. Again, on page 517, under verse 30, chapter 24, the word *convertendo*, redolent of the doctrine of transubstantiation, is rendered by the phrase, "by causing it (the bread) to become." Is this to make it fall in with consubstantiation?

We have made these animadversions not from any want of sympathy with the work. We are delighted to find the sterling work of Cornelius à Lapide introduced to English readers. It will be certain to do them good; and we are, therefore, the more anxious that the English rendering should be reliable. It cannot be so unless it is thoroughly faithful.

6.—TRANSLATIONS FROM HORACE.¹

The translation of a foreign author, ancient or modern, is one of the most difficult as well as most ungrateful tasks a writer could well propose to himself. Such a work requires, moreover, very special qualifications: the perfect mastery of the languages dealt with; the power of grasping the meaning of epithets in the foreign tongue, and of successfully rendering that meaning in its new dress; of giving to the translation the vigour and freshness of original composition. So insurmountable did obstacles, especially in translating poetry, appear to Dr. Johnson, that he declared a poem could only preserve its beauty and grace in the language in which it was written. The translation of Horace presents special difficulties. These are fully acknowledged by Sir Stephen de Vere in his interesting and valuable Preface: "His extraordinary condensation . . . his power of embodying in one sequence a single idea connected through all its phases by an almost imperceptible thread; the *curiosa felicitas* with which he draws a picture by a single epithet . . . his abrupt transitions"—may be mentioned among those to be contended with. Yet, in spite of all this we must pronounce the translations excellent. They read like original verse; they are flowing, bright, full of life. And besides having the treatment due to original poetry, it has for those familiar with Horace the attraction of showing a thought, put epigram-

¹ *Translations from Horace.* By Sir Stephen E. de Vere, Bart. Second edition, enlarged. London: George Bell and Sons, 1886.

matically by the Latin author, in its less curt English form. For example, in the Ode, *Ad Torquatum*, from book iv. (p. 17), for *Pulvis et umbra sumis*, we have

What are we? clay to dust returned,
A shade, forgotten and unmourned.

We have spoken of the power of grasping the meaning of epithets. Sir Stephen de Vere is most fortunately possessed in this respect; many of his renderings we think very happy. Thus in the beautiful Ode ix. book i. the lines:

Vides, ut alta stet nive candidum
Soracte

is translated:

A spectral form Soracte stands snow-crowned.

Again, the lines of the favourite *O Fons Bandusiae*,

. . . unde loquaces
Lymphae desiliunt tuae,

are rendered thus musically as "runnels"

Whispering in murmurs light and low,
A language of their own.

In Ode ii. book iii. the verses,

Virtus, repulsae nescia sordidae
Intaminatis fulget honoribus, &c.

are finely rendered:

Virtue self-centred, fearless, free,
Shines with a lustre all her own,
Nor takes, nor yields, her dignity
When fickle nations smile or frown.

One of the most striking of the Horatian Odes is that of book iii. *Ad Augustum*. We must confess that the original suffers little in the translation, which is as admirable as it is beautiful. The rendering of the line,

Tutus bos etenim rura perambulat,

is, we think, very felicitous:

Around us all is peace: the steer
Crops the lush pasture of the lea.

The Ode to *Mæcenas* (p. 11) is an excellent example of how to draw out the full meaning in English of a single word in the Latin, where, used by Horace, this single word has the force of a whole sentence. For example, *udum Tibur* is given

Tibur sparkling with its hundred rills.

In conclusion, we must once more pronounce these translations most successful. They give, as translations, the meaning rather than the bare shell of the meaning, which is all that can be secured by those who attempt too literal a rendering. And we have said that the form is so good that it reads like original poetry. The faults, here and there, are scarce worth the mentioning by the side of so much excellence.

We do not doubt that Sir Stephen de Vere's work will rank high among the many translations of the most pleasing of Latin poets.

7.—L'ARBRE DE LA VIERGE.¹

This pamphlet is worthy of note, quite apart from the value of its contents. The fruit of the Beyrouth press, a sign of missionary activity in Syria, it can bear favourable comparison with any European work. But the subject is of the deepest interest. Our readers may remember the striking French painting of the Repose in Egypt, where our Lady with her Sacred burthen was sleeping, under an Oriental moonlit night, cradled on the paws of an ancient sphinx. The idea was not far from possibility, as these pages show. That the exile in Egypt was of short duration seems pretty clearly proved. But as its shortness could not have been foreseen, it seems hardly fair to deduce from its brief duration that Mary and Joseph stayed on the frontiers of the land. Father Patrizi seems to prove that the land of Gessen was the abode of the Holy Family, and apart from the ancient and persevering tradition, where would they be more likely to settle than in the midst of the vast colony of a million of Jews, who had settled around the ruins of the great temple-university of Heliopolis? There, at four leagues' distance from its wall, Onias, during the persecution of Antiochus, had built a Jewish temple, which was served by Priests and Levites, like that of Jerusalem (p. 49). The well-known sycamore, which gives the title to Father Jullien's most interesting tractate, probably did not shelter our Blessed Lady, though it may very well be the offshoot of one still more ancient, for its roots appear to be of vast antiquity (p. 40). Accepting the writer's proofs,

¹ *L'Arbre de la Vierge à Mataryéh près Le Caire. Souvenirs de la Sainte Famille. Par le R. P. M. Jullien. S.J. Deuxième Edition. Beyrouth : Imprimerie Catholique, 1886.*

we may think with interest that Cleopatra's needle, once of Heliopolis, with the four great obelisks of Rome, has looked down on their Infant God. The spring of our Lady, so much venerated by Christian and Moslem alike, is not now to be found, but strange to say, the water of the well which takes its place is sweet, while that of those all around is bitter. All of them alike tap the underground reservoir fed by the Nile, which filters through a salty stratum of the subsoil (p. 28). The house of our Lady was long a place of pilgrimage, but after having been turned into a Mosque, it was destroyed in the last century (p. 44). Close by, the Jesuits of Cairo have built a graceful chapel. Around the holy spot once flourished the garden of balsam trees. For a long time the balsam of Mataryéh, the site of the chapel, was the only balm employed for chrism; and if we believe tradition, the balsam trees of Gilead formed part of the Queen of Sheba's present to King Solomon, and another famous, or rather infamous, woman, Cleopatra, transplanted these trees to Heliopolis, nor did they produce their precious oil till watered by our Lady's Spring (p. 31). The pamphlet is full of research and interesting details, is written with an actuality and brilliancy which makes it most readable.

8.—THE OBSERVATORY AT KALOCSA.²

In the year 1878, by the munificence of Cardinal Haynald, the Archbishop, an observatory was founded at Kalocsa, in Hungary, and entrusted to the care of the Fathers of the Society of Jesus, Father Braun being appointed the director. But eight years have elapsed, and not only has the position of the observatory been accurately determined, and the instruments erected and put into working order, but a quarto volume of results of 178 pp. and containing nineteen plates has recently issued from the Press. The equipment is most complete, consisting of two refracting telescopes of seven and four inches aperture respectively, a transit-instrument by Cooke of York, an altazimuth, three clocks, a chronograph and a chronometer, and a fine set of spectroscopes. The first care of the director was the determination of the position of the observatory. The latitude was found first by geodetical opera-

¹ *Berichte Von dem Erz-bischöflich Haynaldschen Observatorium zu Kalocsa in Ungarn.* Von Carl Braun, S.J. Münster: W. Aschendorff, 1886.

tions, and secondly by the observation of Capella, and α Cygni in the prime vertical, and is given as $46^{\circ} 31' 41.99''$. The longitude settled by means of the telegraph with Vienna is 1h. 15m. 54.343s. east of Greenwich.

A large part of the work consisted in the observation of sun-spots. These were observed by projecting the solar image on a screen, but by an original method of Father Braun's. About 5,000 spots were drawn in four years. Again in the reduction of the observations the director has displayed great mechanical ingenuity, for he has invented a "trigonometer" by which he is enabled to resolve spherical triangles at sight. Fifty maps, one for each rotation of the sun, accompanied by descriptive tables, embody the results of the drawings. From them values of the sun's rotation are deduced, and attention is called to a downward drift in latitude of the spotted area. The process of spot-formation and the relation between spots and prominences is also studied. Sixty-one spots are noticed as having been visible during more than one solar rotation, thus enabling a value for this quantity to be determined.

We next have the results of twenty-five observed places of the comet Pons-Brooks of 1883-84, as also a discussion of the instruments employed, and of the formulæ for reduction. Finally many ingenious improvements to the instruments used are described, and also designs are given for several others which were projected. Among them is a most interesting device for photographing the spots, faculæ, and flames of the sun altogether at once. To obtain this end, applying the principle of total reflection, and making use of two totally reflecting prisms, he would endeavour to isolate one particular ray of the spectrum to produce a monochromatic image on his plates. We heartily congratulate Father Braun on his work, and express a wish that the work of the Kalocsa observatory may ever continue to flourish.

Literary Record.

I.—BOOKS AND PAMPHLETS.

Father O'Keeffe's *Sermons at Mass*¹ are admirable. They are full of sound theology in simple form. They consist of short, pithy impressive sentences. They contain a great deal of matter in a small compass, condensed without being crowded, and stated in a striking way that can scarcely fail to impress. If our readers want some useful, and we do not hesitate to add, interesting reading for Sunday, we cannot recommend them anything better than this little book. If a priest wishes to find good materials for a practical discourse on the vice or fault most prevalent in his parish, he will find them here. What could be more neatly put in concise form than the following sentences on Detraction :

The tongue of the detractor has a fourfold edge upon it. With each movement he inflicts four distinct and terrible wounds : one upon God, another upon the person he speaks to, a third upon the person he speaks of, and a fourth wound upon his own soul and character. . . . Who can tell how God, in His justice, may punish here, as well as hereafter, those who detract their neighbours with sneers and whispers, and slight hints, and witty sayings, and amusing conversations, and certain significant uncharitable looks ! "I could say many things if I liked ; but I don't wish to be uncharitable." Such is the language of the detracting hypocrite, who may be given to beads, and scapulars, and devotions, &c., and be apparently a saint, but who, seen under the mask, is a noonday devil, wishing to appear as "an angel of light !" (pp. 70, 71).

There is also a very plainspoken sermon on the vice of Intemperance, which will be read with satisfaction by the League of the Cross. There are others on the Word of God, Faith, the Rosary, the Holy Name, Contrition, Confession, and the Sins most generally prevalent among Catholics. We gather from the

¹ *Sermons at Mass.* By Rev. Patrick O'Keeffe, C.C. Dublin : M. H. Gill and Son.

notices of the author's former work, *Moral Discourses*, that it was a great success. We think that the present volume will meet with a no less favourable reception from the public.

Father Forbes-Leith, in an important paper² which he read before the Congress at Lille last autumn, and which he has since published, states with great force and epigram the proper functions of the State in face of the liberty due to the individual. France groans under a State which usurps rights which do not belong to it, and the result is a new form of tyranny and an oppression far worse than that of Louis the Fourteenth.

Si l'État, au lieu de protéger dirige, il fausse la marche des rouages, il embarrasse, il comprime et il tyrannise. Qu'on raille cette théorie, en l'appelant la théorie de l'État gendarme, de l'État borne, peu nous importe; nous ne devons pas nous arrêter aux mots. Après tout, mieux vaut l'État gendarme, que l'État Dieu ou l'État Providence (pp. 8, 9).

This usurpation of the State is not merely a gradual encroachment existing in fact but not recognized in theory. The dethronement of the Family in favour of the State is upheld by French Ministers as right and just. Father Forbes quotes the words of M. Jules Ferry, spoken in public in the Chamber of Deputies :

Au dessus du Père naturel, il y a un autre Père, l'État, qui a le droit de marquer l'enfant de son empreinte et de le couler dans son moule (p. 16).

To which Father Forbes remarks :

Un ministre qui débiterait de pareilles insanités aux États-Unis, en Angleterre ou au Canada, serait renversé le jour même (p. 16).

We hope that he is correct in his estimate of English opinion on this matter. From time to time we catch a glimpse of dark shadows hovering over the future. We hope that in England we shall never see realized the cruel fate which poor France knows by bitter experience.

La plus dure, la plus étroite, la plus impitoyable de toutes les sujétions, c'est celle de l'État. L'amour du pouvoir, l'égoïsme, l'injustice, la perfidie que vous voyez parfois dans les entreprises particulières, multipliez-les par cent, mettez toutes les ressources de la science, tous les ouvriers, toutes les industries aux mains d'un ambitieux sans scrupule, que des événements militaires aient porté au pouvoir, et vous aurez la tyrannie la plus intense, la plus cruelle et la plus inévitable dont l'histoire ait fait mention (pp. 35—36).

² *La Liberté et L'État*. Par J. Forbes-Leith, S.J. Grenoble : Baratier et Dardelet, Imprimeurs-Libraires.

We are most grateful to recognize in *The Ritual of the New Testament*,³ the third edition of a work already, we hope, known to our readers under the title of *In Spirit and in Truth*. In its original form the book was, more than twenty years ago, welcomed by THE MONTH as a "thoughtful essay." Since then the reverend author has taken advantage of subsequent editions to so perfect his work that we do not fear to prophesy for it a permanent place in our literature as a classic of Catholic controversy. Indeed, as far as the whole class of objections against Catholic ritual is concerned, of which the first reformers made so much, and which still create such a formidable difficulty for many Protestants, we believe that Father Bridgett has really "said the last word," and that we have in this little book a complete controversial manual on its own subject. We are glad, also, to believe that its usefulness is not confined to Catholic readers. Some years ago, at least, *In Spirit and in Truth* formed an almost necessary part of the outfit of the Ritualistic Anglican. May the *Ritual of the New Testament* carry on the good work of its predecessor!

The scene of the *Martyrdom of St. Placidus*⁴ is laid in Sicily; the time of the action is 539. The simple tale of the martyrdom of St. Placidus and his companions is told with considerable skill. The interest is awakened at the outset and kept up throughout. The scenes are varied—now the convent choir and cloisters, now the guest-chamber with casements that give on the blue Sicilian sea; or again the deck of the pirate ship, with the curve of golden beach in view; and there are the monks in the picturesque habit of St. Benedict; and Saracen pirates; and the fair form of Flavia, St. Placidus' sister. The language is good; but sometimes a little difficult for children. The rendering of the Church hymns in the sixth scene is very happy. We shall be glad to see some more translations of this sort—a selection of Church hymns in a worthy form and at a moderate price is certainly a desideratum. The authoress must not let her gifted pen lie idle.

We are glad that Messrs. Gill have reprinted Mr. Justice

³ *The Ritual of the New Testament*. An Essay on the Principles and Origin of Catholic Ritual in reference to the New Testament. By the Rev. T. E. Bridgett, of the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer. Third edition. London: Burns and Oates, 1887.

⁴ *The Martyrdom of St. Placidus*. A Drama in One Act. By a Benedictine Nun. Edited by Albany J. Christie S.J. London Burns and Oates, 1887

O'Hagan's essays on the poetry of Sir Samuel Ferguson.⁵ Even a glance at the extracts here given, would show that their author may well claim to be a true representative of Celtic poetry. These poems have all the intensity and vividness, all the tenderness, picturesqueness, and simplicity that go to make up the charm of Irish poetry. We trust this little volume will help to widen the circle of those who (on this side of the Channel) have learned, with Mr. Matthew Arnold, to appreciate the "magic" of Celtic poetry—at least, of Celtic poetry in its English expression. English poets of the present day have a great deal to learn in the matter of simplicity: they could not have a better model—none more free from the voice of artificiality—than that offered to them in the genuine poetry of the Irish.

This little pamphlet,⁶ the substance of a lecture delivered by the author, is an admirable production. Its chief feature lies in its practical character. As the writer says, Irish history and literature present many more attractive subjects from an oratorical point of view; but we feel sure from the manner in which the matter has been treated that his audience will not have regretted the choice. He goes right to the heart of the matter when he says, that the future material prosperity of Ireland will depend on Irish industry and individual enterprise. A careful and economic Government may give judicious aid in starting an industry here and there, in extending the advantages of technical education, in encouraging new processes of manufacture, and in many other ways lending a helping hand, but ultimately the prosperity of the nation will depend on the thrift, hardwork, and intelligence of the people. We rejoice to see a popular member come forward to press home unpoetical but useful truths like these. When, in a few years, Ireland has her own Parliament, by far the most dangerous rock ahead will be the general expectation that Parliament can do everything. The true functions of Government are mainly negative to remove impediments, and to secure the enjoyment of the products of his labour to each. Mr. Murphy's disapproval of protection we think sound from the same point of view. He hopes for much in the future, and judging by the practical account he gives of the condition of some trades in Ireland at the present time, there is good ground for his confidence.

⁵ *The Poetry of Sir Samuel Ferguson.* By Mr. Justice O'Hagan. Dublin: M. H. Gill and Son, 1887.

⁶ *The Irish Industrial Question.* A Lecture by W. M. Murphy, M.P. Dublin: M. H. Gill and Son.

Col. Chichester's pamphlet⁷ on the rent question is a reprint from two essays in the *Dublin University Review*. The essays originally appeared in reply to an article by Father Finlay, which professed to treat the subject from a purely scientific point of view. The author rates Father Finlay pretty roundly for not having adhered to the strictly scientific position, but we are not clear as to whether he intends the present pamphlet to be understood as an example of treatment from the standpoint of science. Apart from the controversial merits of the work, there are some points of interest which will be fresh to most readers. The central question in every discussion on this subject is, How is a fair rent to be determined? The precise answer of the writer to this question we have not been able to gather with certainty. We take it however that he holds property in land to be precisely similar in kind to property in any other form, that it should be viewed by the State under the same aspect, and that accordingly the price of land should be determined by open competition, and by "the accommodation and convenience" which its possession affords the holder. As a matter of fact it is this which has to a considerable extent been the cause of the subdivisions into very small holdings in Kerry and the West. Small holdings afforded bigger rents than large ones, because the charge for accommodation and convenience was multiplied.

The Catholic Truth Society has done well in bringing out a series of exclusively Irish Poems and Stories.⁸ The Poems certainly carry off the palm as compared with previous ones. Some of them are very touching and beautiful, especially Mr. Aubrey de Vere's Prayer of St. Patrick on Croagh Patrick. We are sure they will be welcome wherever the name of Ireland is dear to her faithful children, and where else is this than all the world over?

*Quadragesima*⁹ is a golden little book. It is recommended as much by the wholesome common sense that is discernible in every page, as by its solid spirit of piety, drawn from the Scriptures and the Divine Office. It is long since we have read

⁷ *Irish Landlordism*. By Lieut.-Colonel R. Chichester. Dublin: Sealy Bryers and Walker.

⁸ *A Book of Irish Poetry*: being No. 5 of "The Catholic's Library of Poems." *The Penny Library of Catholic Tales*. No. 5. London: The Catholic Truth Society, 18, West Square, S.E.

⁹ *Quadragesima, or Short Meditations for Lent and Holy Week*. By a Brother of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul. London and Edinburgh: William Blackwood and Sons, 1887.

a book of this sort with more entire approval or satisfaction. In perusing its pages we have been reminded of the wise and prudent counsels of a St. Francis de Sales and a St. Vincent de Paul. Here is neither rigour nor laxity ; but sound sense, true religion, practical advice. We would wish to see it in the hands of all. The more books of this sort we have the better.

Miss McMahon has translated a little book which teaches an all-important lesson.¹⁰ Why is it that there are so many failures in life ? Why is it that men and women do not succeed in what they undertake, and never reach a high level in the spiritual life ? It simply is because they do not surrender themselves absolutely into the hands of God. It is this perfect abandonment which smooths every path and makes sanctity easy. Father Caussade enforces with attracting importunity this duty of unconditional surrender. Those who would understand its excellence, or learn how to attain it, will do well to study and meditate on what he has written.

We are glad to see that the translation of Abbé Freppel's *Discourses on the Divinity of Jesus Christ*¹¹ has reached a second edition. Such books are an excellent antidote to the blasphemous attacks on our Lord that are unfortunately too common. These *Discourses* are well written and well translated. There is a freshness about the way in which the arguments for the Divinity of Christ are stated, that makes the book interesting even to those familiar with the subject. The contrast between the death of Socrates and the death of Christ is drawn with much skill. The Abbé Freppel's argument is throughout a cumulative one, and the sceptic who does not acknowledge its convincing force must be far gone in his resistance to truth.

The pithy, pointed sayings of St. Ignatius of Loyola are proverbial, and the volume of *Words of the Saints*¹² which contains them will be sure to be popular. Some of them are very consoling, e.g.—

We must sail against wind and tide, and hope the more as all appears more desperate (p. 95).

¹⁰ *Abandonment ; or, Absolute Surrender to Divine Providence.* Posthumous work of Rev. J. P. de Caussade, S.J. Revised and corrected by Rev. H. Ramière, S.J. New York : Benziger Brothers.

¹¹ *Discourses on the Divinity of Jesus Christ.* By the Abbé Freppel. Edited by the Most Rev. George Porter, S.J., Archbishop of Bombay. Second Edition. London : Burns and Oates, Limited.

¹² *A Thought from St. Ignatius for Each Day of the Year.* Translated from the French by Miss Margaret A. Colton. New York : Benziger Brothers.

Others very uncompromising, *e.g.*—

One should know, before entering the religious life, that he will not remain there, nor find peace, unless he crosses the threshold with his feet tied, that is, unless he makes a sacrifice of his will and judgment (p. 91).

and all very sensible. Any one who will learn one of these each day, and continue to practise it throughout the year, will soon attain to a high degree of holiness.

The idea of a *Catholic Year Book*¹³ is an excellent one, and will prove very useful for reference and as furnishing materials for those who may hereafter write on the progress of Catholicism in England. Probably some of the items are of rather local or minute interest, but in a limited body we suppose this must necessarily be so.

The *Server's Missal*¹⁴ is a very handy version of the Ordinary of the Mass for the benefit of servers. All the parts they have to answer are in red, and whenever they are to bow the head the words are underlined. At the end the prayers are printed that are said after Low Mass, and we remark that the version for England and Scotland is not uniform. Among other discrepancies, we pray in England that God may *rebuke* the devil: the Scotch are satisfied with asking that God may *command* him. But we must allow that the Scotch follow the Douai version of St. Michael's moderate imprecation.

To make prayer easy is very important, for "a devout person without prayer is a body without a soul." Bossuet's easy method of prayer,¹⁵ by recalling and realizing in all our occupations the presence of God, will commend itself to all, and especially to those who live busy lives. We see with pleasure that it has reached a second edition.

¹³ *The Catholic Year Book: A Handy History of the Catholic Church in Great Britain in 1886.* By John Oldcastle. London: Burns and Oates.

¹⁴ *Server's Missal.* A Practical Guide for Serving Boys at Mass. Compiled by a Sacristan. London: Burns and Oates, Limited.

¹⁵ *Bossuet on a Short and Easy Method of Prayer by simple faith in the Presence of God.* London: Burns and Oates, Limited.

II.—MAGAZINES.

In the last issue of the *Katholik* inquiry is made as to the reason of the present prevalence of unbelief in Germany. It is ascribed mainly to the action of the State, in denying and rejecting the Church as a teacher of faith and morals, and to its recent persecution of bishops and clergy, weakening her authority over the people. Through the diminution in the number of priests, the poor and ignorant have in many places been deprived of the means of grace and religious instruction: forgetfulness of God has opened the way to the acceptance of socialistic doctrines, to absorption in material interests, and impatience of the trials of their lot. Without independence and freedom of action the Church cannot cope with the evils and errors of the day. A careful and critical examination of the information given by Eusebius and other historians concerning the date of St. Peter's death, leads Dr. Kellner to recur to the old tradition as correct, which fixes it in the year 55 A.D. The Apostle had already been condemned to death in Judea by Herod Agrippa, and this sentence was carried out in all probability just at the time when St. Paul arrived in Rome, himself to suffer two years later, on the same day. Despite the stimulus recently given to the study of St. Thomas, his system of philosophy is not without many opponents. A contributor to the *Katholik* commences a critical essay on his teaching concerning substance, which he considers defective, since the result of the combination of matter and form, were these such as the doctor of the schools defines them to be, would not, in the opinion of the writer, be the production of real, existing, concrete bodies, but abstractions, to give being to which a further process would be needed. The conclusion of Dr. Schmitz's article on the Supremacy of the See of Rome must be mentioned. From the earliest ages it appears to have been recognized as a Divine institution; the Fathers of the Council of Nicaea did not attempt to define the prerogatives and limit the territorial sway of the Bishop of Rome, as they did those of the Bishops of Alexandria and Antioch, and the Gallican Church gave practical proof in the first centuries of subservience to the Roman Pontiff, by referring

all questions to him, accepting his decisions as final, and regarding his decrees as binding.

In an article on the policy of the Holy Father, the *Civiltà Cattolica* (881,882) answers the accusations brought against His Holiness in the Liberal journals of intriguing to obtain the interference of the German Emperor in Italian affairs, and sacrificing reason, honour, the good of the Church and the welfare of the country, to the vulgar interests of personal ambition. Ever since his elevation to the Papacy Leo the Thirteenth has sought the advancement of nothing else than the Kingdom of God and His justice, labouring under difficulties to establish religious liberty and the peace of nations; by his wisdom and energy he has won the admiration even of his foes and become a powerful factor in European politics. The *Civiltà* also expresses the conviction that the Italian people have at last parted with their illusions as to the nature of the liberty which was to prove so great a boon. Men both good and evil are thoroughly discontented with the present state of things, and disheartened with regard to the future. Since the era of liberty commenced, material misery and poverty, previously unknown, have invaded every class of society, crime has greatly increased, oppression and legalized robbery have taken the place of justice, and systematic warfare against religion seeks to banish Catholicism from the land. In another article the demoralization of Italy is partly attributed to the character of the plays represented in the theatres. Not content with making virtue ridiculous and piety contemptible, the managers now reproduce the licentious dramas of the sixteenth century, justifying this outrage on morality on the plea of thereby reviving the purer Italian of three hundred years ago, substituting national for foreign plays, and strengthening the idea of conjugal duty by the aid of satire. The inquiry as to the reason of the inveterate hatred shown to the Jesuits is continued. It is asked: Who are their enemies? History points these out to be in the sixteenth century, the Lutheran and other heretics; in subsequent times the Jansenists, the courtiers of the corrupt French Court, the Voltaireian philosophers, the Revolutionists and Freemasons, everywhere and at all times the enemies—whether external or internal—of the Church whose faithful soldiers the Jesuits are, for whose defence they were organized, disciplined and armed. A new serial story is commenced in the *Civiltà*, the title of which, *Massone e Massona*, leads us to suppose that it will

relate to the secret societies of the day. The archæological notes contain some interesting particulars concerning a fresco painting discovered during the excavations at the close of 1885, representing St. Felicitas and her seven sons, with the Saviour confirmatory of Christian doctrine, found in the cemetery of above in heavenly glory; they also mention some verses St. Priscilla, and two other early Christian inscriptions in the Church of Capua.

Among the most interesting articles in the *Réforme Sociale* for March we would call particular attention to Dr. Kämpfe's account of the measures which the Austrian Government is wisely adopting to prevent the extinction of the small farmer class, in Bohemia, Styria, and other mountainous districts, where recent bad harvests and low prices have led to the people getting into debt, and many losing their little farms. The Government is encouraging association among the peasant farmers for mutual help, and taking steps to rescue them from their creditors, who in this instance are chiefly money lenders, by advancing money to them, at low interest, and on easy terms of repayment. Evidently Austrian statesmen do not share the belief that it is good for a country to see its peasantry turned off their lands to make room for sheep and cattle. Another interesting article by M. Alfred Renouard describes the system of improved dwellings for the working classes introduced at Lille, within the last twenty years, and worked very successfully, partly by a benevolent committee and partly by commercial companies.

Economic questions are everywhere to the front. The first article in the Belgian *Revue Générale* for March, deals with the question of insurance among the working classes. It describes at considerable length the system of state insurance introduced by Prince Bismarck in Germany, which in the light of recent revelations as to the working of friendly societies in England, does certainly seem superior to our own system of voluntary effort on the part of societies, burial and benefit clubs, and the rest. Count Grabinski continues his interesting account of the recent events in Bulgaria, and fiction, travel, and popular science make up the rest of the number.



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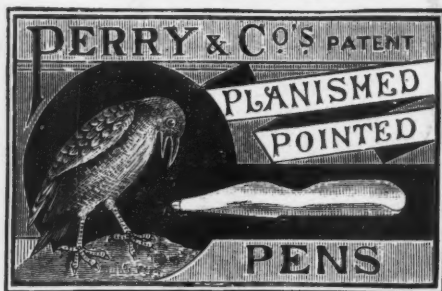
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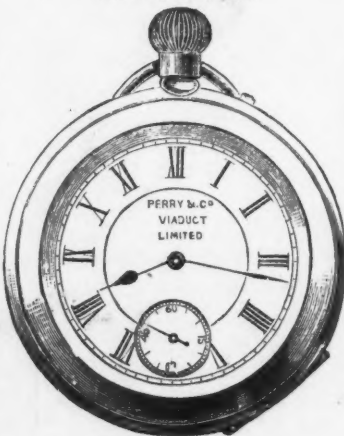
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